

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 8, 1972

6¢ CENTS

UCLA'S RED-HOT REDHEAD

Center Bill Walton



One of the world's great tastes

There is a best in every field.

A taste that through genius or even accident is achieved and never surpassed.

In cheeses there are many great

tastes. In Bourbon there's Old Forester.

Have more than just a drink. Have one of the world's great tastes.

"There is nothing better in the market."

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 40% or 80 proof / Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. Louisville, Kentucky © 1997



It's an Old Forester kind of day

Buy a stereo system with your ears, not your ego.

We'll be the first to admit that the stereo-experts in your crowd won't exactly be overwhelmed when you tell them you bought a Sony compact stereo system.

For one thing, our compact systems don't cost a small fortune. For another, they're complete systems. Not separate components you have to worry about hooking up.

But if you can face life without a living room full of wires, switches and buttons, then one of our compact stereos is probably just what you're looking for. Because the fact is, they happen to sound as good as some other stereos that cost a lot more.

You see, being Sony we have an advantage. Since we make all our intricate parts, we have more control over the quality of our stereos than those other manufacturers who don't. On top of that, we've been putting stereos together long enough to know how to do it right.



HP-210

And while that may sound like an easy thing for us to say, it's also an easy thing for you to check.

Just listen to a Sony compact for yourself.

There's a whole line of them. From a basic turntable-FM/AM receiver-speaker combination, to very sophisticated models with



HP-510

built-in cassette recorders. They're all good values for the money. They're exceptionally reliable. And as you can see from the picture, they're even good-looking.

So the next time you're in a store where they're sold, try one out. And don't worry about your "The-only-good-stereo-is-a-complicated-stereo" friends.

If they're not impressed when they hear you bought a compact stereo, just let them hear the compact stereo you bought.

SONY



HP-610

IN SWEDEN, VOLVOS AND PEOPLE LAST LONGER.

The life expectancy of a Swede is 77 years. The longest on earth.

Swedes have a passion for fitness. Thinking, perhaps, the more they can endure, the longer they will last.

The Swedes are big on saunas. They'll work up a sweat in the sauna's 200° heat and run outside for an invigorating plunge into ice water.

The man in the picture has been doing it twice a week since he was six. He's now 75 years old.

The greatest number of entrants for any competitive event in the world turn out each year in Sweden the day of the "Vasa Lopp." About 8000 people compete in this grueling 52-mile cross country ski race.

In a country where people demand so much of themselves, the car most in demand is a Volvo. It would be inconsistent for it to be anything else.

In Sweden Volvos have a life expectancy of 14 years—longer than any other make.

Volvo.

We build them the way we build them because we have to.



VOLVO

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Richard D. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles R. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$15.00 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

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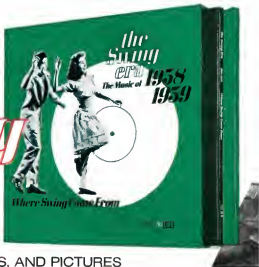
Next week

BASEBALL'S TOO-FAT CATS of 1971, the Cincinnati Reds, may turn out to be fatter in 1972—if Manager Sparky Anderson's spring whiplacking works. Bill Leggett reports.

ON TOP DOWN UNDER. Shane Gould is a holder of five world records. Jerry Kershbaum writes of braces, delight with Watering Heights and other heights in her sights.

RUNNING SCARRED is Tex Maule, who survived a severe heart attack but was then dismayed to see his body go to pot. Pride and fear added up to some sound steps—jogging.

the Swing era



AN UNRIVALLED
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STEREO MUSIC, WORDS, AND PICTURES

The whole wonderful Age of Swing – As

It's All Here! All yours to re-live, again and again. All put together as it never has been before. A whole era! And what an era that was. It was the era of those fabulous Big Bands—Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, Harry James, Woody Herman, Duke Ellington, and all the other great names and deathless music of The Age Of Swing.

It was the era of Bobby Sox, 10¢ Cokes, "juke-box Saturday Nights" at the high school gym, "Chattanooga Choo Choo", "Jersey Bounce" the Lindy and the Big Apple....

Now, thanks to the advanced recording techniques and matchless pictorial and editorial

resources of Time-Life Records, you can enjoy it all again—and over and over again. For The Swing Era brilliantly re-views, not only that unforgettable music, but also—in words and pictures—the moods and memories, the facts and faces of that young, sometimes zesty, always wonderful time.

Be our guest—Free. We're so sure you will want to own this superb collection that we're giving you to enjoy "The Music of 1938-39" in your own home as our guest for 10 days free—all of it—modern stereo LP records, two fascinating books—all those 30 great hits, those words and pictures—for 10 days free.



If you could get into that Swing Mecca, the Paramount, utterboggling night on stage was really the swaggiest.

Begin your own, personal collection of The Swing Era with these 30 great hits on three 12-inch stereo LP records.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Side 1—
 Begin The Regaine
 Duke Ellington version
 Swingin' the Blues
 (Count Basie version)
 My Sweets
 (John Kirby version)
 Undecided
 (John Kirby version)
 (Glenn Miller version)</p> | <p>Side 4—
 Whisper 'n' Sip
 (Benny Goodman version)
 Memories of You
 (Gene Krupa version)
 Silly, as in a
 Swinging Sammie
 (Artie Shaw version)
 Big River from Waverline
 (Glenn Miller version)
 John Silver
 (Jimmy Dorsey version)</p> |
| <p>Side 2—
 Whispering's Bell
 (Benny Goodman version)
 What's New
 (Blue Coward version)
 Phone Man
 (Gene Krupa version)
 Unforgettable Mel
 (Bobby Hackett version)
 Remember Your Heart
 (Tommy Dorsey version)</p> | <p>Side 5—
 Playin' the Blues
 (Gene Krupa version)
 Carolee
 (Artie Shaw version)
 Artie's Dance
 (Gene Krupa version)
 Superbuds
 (Artie Shaw version)
 You'll Want You Go
 (Gene Krupa version)</p> |
| <p>Side 3—
 Jumpin' at the Woodside
 (Count Basie version)
 Lullaby in Rhythm
 (Benny Goodman version)
 Charlie's on Me
 (Glenn Miller version)
 Is an Eighteenth Century
 Dancing Room
 (Glenn Miller version)
 Big John's Special
 (Benny Goodman version)</p> | <p>Side 6—
 Boy Meets Girl
 (Gene Krupa version)
 Swing Your Sides
 (Gene Krupa version)
 Memorizing Lullaby
 (Gene Krupa version)
 Artie's Dance
 (Gene Krupa version)
 And the Angels Sing
 (Benny Goodman version)</p> |

Never before in one big, beautiful collection like this. All that great music, those priceless memories, right at your fingertips!



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Absolute authenticity. These Time-Life stereos are note-by-note, beat-by-beat reconstructions from the Big Bands' own original arrangements. They are recorded by up-to-the-minute techniques and equipment in life-like stereo by present-day virtuoso musicians. The result is pure swing of almost unbelievable freshness and vitality – just as you might have heard it first swinging out at the famed Glen Island Casino or Frank Deasy's Meadowbrook.

In addition to these wonderful records, you will enjoy two books available nowhere else—both were written and laughily illustrated by Time-Life exclusively for *The Swing Era*. "An Introduction to the Swing Era" is an invaluable guide

It was also
the golden age
of postwar
transportation—
if your jockey
weren't served out
at the
great floor.



and reminder for the knowledgeable and the uninitiated alike. The 64-page, hard-bound "Where Swing Came From" will bring you many affectionate chuckles for bygone styles and remembered pleasures. The book will certainly bring back the once-in-a-lifetime glamor of those Big Bands when they filled the Paramount and Roeland, and stomped at the Savoy.

Favorite you love—for every mood and every reminiscence. Just think of it... you have literally hundreds of great Swing hits to choose among in your big *The Swing Era* collection. Here are all the classics: Benny Goodman's version of "I Got You" in the 1941-42 grouping *The Glenn Miller version of "Moonlight Serenade"* re-created in the 1940-41 Album. The bright, brassy lun of Benny Goodman's version of "Bugle Call Rag," in the 1936-37 set. And more... and more... and more... Countless hours of priceless enjoyment. Right through the 30's, the 40's, World War II, and the postwar boom days... And you start this incomparable collection with

NO RISK... NO OBLIGATION.

Be Our Guest. Listen to all 30 of the stereo hits of "The Music of 1938-39," enjoy both books—"Where Swing Came From" and "An Introduction to the Swing Era"—all for 10 Days Free. You don't risk a cent. If the set isn't all we say it is, return it and owe nothing. If you are as delighted as we are sure you will be, keep the whole set for the low price of \$12.95 plus shipping and handling. (If you prefer tape cassettes or cartridges, indicate on card or coupon and add \$2.00 per set.)

As a subscriber, you will then enjoy the regular privilege of auditioning other albums in the *Swing Era* series—at about 2-month intervals—each for 10 days free, also without obligation.

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Send in the attached, postage-paid order card—or coupon at right—and audition "The Music of 1938-39" for 10 days free as the guest of Time-Life Records. How else can you bring so much sheer pleasure into your life so simply? You don't risk a penny—so do it today.



To: TIME-LIFE RECORDS

Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, IL 60611

Please send me "The Music of 1938-39." I'll first audition the *Swing Era* series, for 10 days free outside and send me as a subscriber to the series. After 10 days I may return the three stereo records and 64 page book without obligation. If I decide to keep them, I will pay just \$12.95 plus shipping and handling. I will then receive other albums from the *Swing Era* series at the same price approximately every two months. I am under no obligation to purchase any minimum number of albums and may cancel my subscription and free-audition privilege at any time.

NOTE: If instead of the three stereo records, you would prefer tape, then check one of the two choices below.

☐ TAPE CARTRIDGES

030



Please send me all 30 great hits of "The Music of 1938-39" on two 6-track tape cartridges (\$2 additional). The book, "Where Swing Came From," and "An Introduction to the Swing Era" are included.

☐ TAPE CASSETTES

031



Please send me all 30 great hits of "The Music of 1938-39" on two tape cassettes (\$2 additional). The book, "Where Swing Came From," and "An Introduction to the Swing Era" are included.

Mr.

Mrs.

Street

(please print)

City

State

Zip

Signature

*In Canada, \$2 additional for records. (Tape cartridges and tape cassettes not available outside U.S.)

Vantage is
the only low
'tar' and nicotine
cigarette
that doesn't
taste like one.



Filter and Menthol 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71 (Menthol by FTC method).

Jeep Wagoneer hauls everything. Even the kitchen sink.



Jeep guts are so strong, they pull big trailers easily. On or off the road.

When you head for the hills, you don't have to leave anything behind. Not if you're behind the wheel of a Jeep Wagoneer.



You can't get a larger standard engine in its class. And you have even mightier V-8's as options. That's Jeep guts.

The Wagoneer has multi-leaf springs all around to give you greater stability. And world-famous Jeep 4-wheel drive to give you mountain-climbing, trailer-pulling traction. That's Jeep guts.

Inside, the Wagoneer has nearly 100 cubic feet of space for anything you couldn't fit in

the trailer. Plenty of glass all around so you can see—and enjoy—where you're driving. Chair-high seats to keep you comfortable. Even after a day's drive.



And the Wagoneer has options like air-conditioning, power steering, power brakes, and automatic transmission. That's Jeep push.

No wonder the Jeep Wagoneer outsells all other 4-wheel drive family wagons combined. Test drive one today.

Toughest 4-letter word on wheels.



Jeep

Drive your Jeep vehicle with care and keep America the Beautiful.



If your six year old saw something like this, would he know how to phone for help?

It's too important a question to leave to chance.

So most phone companies have programs for teaching school kids to report emergencies.

In General Telephone areas, six and seven year olds are taught to dial "0", give their name and tell our operator where they are and what's wrong. While older students are trained to dial emergency numbers direct—because that's the fastest way to call for help.

But of course, we can't reach every kid. We need your

help at home. (Which is why we're running this ad.)

Copy down the emergency numbers listed on the inside front cover or first page of your telephone directory. Add your family doctor's number. And the number of the nearest hospital. Next, tack up the list near your phone. Then get your kids to memorize it, just in case it gets lost.

By the time they're through memorizing those numbers they're going to have every grownup in the house knowing them, too. (Which is also why we're running this ad.)



GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

Chevrolet. Building a better



Camaro with Rally Sport equipment in Colorado's Rocky Mountain National Park.

Your new Camaro. "One of the

That's what *Road & Track* magazine said about Camaro, the only American car in their top ten. Naturally, we appreciate the compliment and we're sure Camaro owners agree with *R&T*.

Of course, *Road & Track* goes into a lot of detail supporting their claim—fine-tooth-combing such features as suspension,

brakes and driving position. Probably more detail than most people want.

When you talk to Camaro owners you'll find that most of them simply say they like Camaro because of the way it looks and drives—both 6-cylinder and V8 models.

Maybe they don't completely understand the technicalities of why it's so easy to drive,

way to see the U.S.A.



10 best cars in the world."

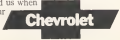
but they do know it is a lot of fun.

Fun whether on a mountain-road ski vacation or a quick trip to the mall; to take the boredom out of driving to work, or to take the girls out to lunch.

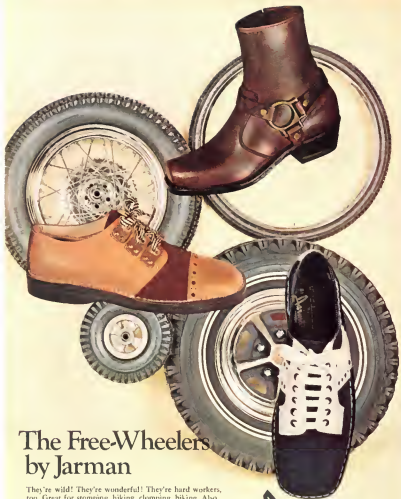
So if you read *Road & Track*, try Camaro and you'll find everything they say is true. If you don't understand technical

talk, take a drive in Camaro anyway.

You'll be able to "feel" the difference and you'll understand us when we say: We want your new Camaro to be the best car you ever owned.

**Chevrolet**

There's so much to see, make sure you're around to see it. Buckle up.



The Free-Wheelers by Jarman

They're wild! They're wonderful! They're hard workers, too. Great for stomping, hiking, clomping, biking. Also walking. Specially designed to look lived-in from the very beginning. Big-wheel boots. Peppy patents. Scintillating suedes. See the whole new fancy-free collection at your Jurman dealer today.

Jarman
The Step-ahead Styles

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

Y DADDIES

The YMCA in Reno sponsors a Pee-Wee basketball program, which in itself is not earthshaking news. What is earthshaking, or at least depressing, to those who insist on looking upon sports as fun, is word that Bill Berrum, the Reno Y's physical director, has had to bar parents and other spectators from PeeWee games because officials had been exposed to intolerable abuse during the games.

"The PeeWee program is beginning to resemble the Little League image in terms of adult interference," Berrum said. He pointed out that since the rules provide that every boy on each team must play at least half of each game, "winning cannot be the primary objective." Barring spectators, he said, was designed to take pressure off the 10-to-12-year-old players, as well as coaches and officials, and put the program "back into perspective."

During one game an overwrought spectator went to midcourt and challenged the referee. In another, a parent who had caused two technical fouls to be called against his son's team because of his interference shoved the referee around after the game.

"That was the last straw," Berrum said. "I don't think the coaches and I have to be policemen. I think the parents should police themselves. Are we really doing our kids justice when we teach them, by example, to cry about or make excuses for a 'bad' call? Let's encourage them to try harder instead of crying harder."

WIN, WIN, WIN

This win-at-all-costs philosophy is dear to the hearts of certain coaches and their unquestioning admirers, of whom there seems to be an ever-increasing number. Their faith is built on stern Cromwellian maxims that make sport sound like total war, and their prophets include such as Leo Durocher, who, despite his supposedly desperate insistence on victory, has in his long career as player and manager finished in the second division twice

as often as he has finished first, without losing his killer reputation.

Adolph Rupp, the venerable basketball coach at Kentucky, recently was quoted thus: "To say that winning or losing is not more important than how you play the game is like my surgeon telling me it's not important whether I live or die but how he makes the incision." Such specious reasoning is taken as gospel. It seems silly to pick Rupp up on this, but does he seriously equate surgery with playing basketball? Is the reason for surgery the opportunity it gives a man to wield a knife? Is the reason for basketball, or any sport, victory and nothing else?

Vince Lombardi's line, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing," is the most quoted tenet of this school of thought. Lombardi had a point, if you look at it from his position. For Lombardi, as for any professional or big-time college coach, winning is the only thing, because without it you get fired. But to apply his often ruthless philosophy to all levels of play is a serious mistake.

Competition—the excitement of putting yourself or your team against an opponent as good or even better than you—is the lifeblood of sport, not victory alone. Victory is better than defeat, no question about that. It is much more fun to win than to lose. But when you have done your best, when you have gone to the last second, the last out, the last inch before losing, when you have been a vital part of a tremendously stimulating game, is the failure to win really such a terrible disgrace?

There used to be a tradition in small-town baseball of setting up a keg of beer beyond third base. The losers had to pay for it. But after the game everybody drank from it, sharing again the excitement, the fun, the joy of taking part.

TURNABOUT

Sir Edmund Hillary, New Zealand's famous mountain climber, reports that so many climbing groups are wandering

around the Himalayas nowadays that the supply of experienced Sherpa guides is not sufficient to meet the demand. Inexperienced Sherpas are taking the climbers up the mountains with inevitable results: an increasing incidence of accidents. Hillary suggests the establishment of a training school for Sherpas with, of all things, experienced Western climbers as teachers.

SPRING SONG

With spring only a few weeks away, it is time in the North to keep an eye out for the first robin. Chances are he will have spent his winter vacation in Clarksdale, Miss., which is one place where you don't want to start bubbling about how much you like good old robin red-breast. A lot of cities and towns around the country are bedeviled by birds like



pigeons or starlings, but Clarksdale residents had the distinction this winter of being up to their clavicles in robins.

Traditionally, robins stop off in Clarksdale for a couple of weeks each fall on their annual migratory flight to the sun. This time, for some odd reason, possibly increased nest rates further south, the birds decided, let's stay right here in old Clarksdale all winter. And they did, an estimated 150,000 of them. Have you ever heard 150,000 robins chirping outside your window at dawn or routing about on the lawn after worms? It would drive you to burn

continued

your bird feeder and throw your sunflower seeds in the Disposal. Clarksdale tried firecrackers, sirens, amplified robin distress signals, everything. The robins retreated until the fuss was over and then came flitting right back.

You think you're looking forward eagerly to spring, when the robins come North? You ought to be in Clarksdale.

JUST GET IN THE PENALTY BOX

Graffiti at Cornell University: HOCKEY MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY.

THE LOOK OF EAGLES

If your income tax is getting you down, maybe you should buy a pro football team. Leonard Tose, key man in the group that bought the Philadelphia Eagles for \$16.1 million in 1969, was testifying in a Norristown, Pa. court where his estranged wife was eventually awarded something like \$450,000 in support over the next four years. His 1969 and 1970 income-tax forms were introduced in evidence.

"What is the figure on line 19 for tax liability?" asked a lawyer.

"Zero," said Tose, who put up \$2.5 million of his own money in the purchase of the Eagles. In other words, he paid no income tax at all. Losses incurred by the Eagles had offset his income from other sources. In fact, he got a \$2,774 refund.

An argument by his wife's attorney that the Eagles' owner was worth \$8.5 million was dismissed by Tose as "irrelevant."

FUTURE SHOCK

Bob Kap, who used to hunt soccer-style kickers in Europe for the Dallas Cowboys and now does the same thing for the New Orleans Saints, has just returned from one of his trips abroad with the startling claim that soccer is on the decline in Europe. American football, he says, is creeping up.

Kap, who has a heavy Bulgarian accent, told Sports Editor Blackie Sherrod of *The Dallas Times Herald* that while soccer is still a major attraction in England and Italy, "In West Germany there has been a big change in the last two, three years. The first-division team is operating red ink. The stadium seat 100,000. Maybe 10,000 or 12,000 show for game." Kap said Austria and France are in a similar state. "In Paris the

famous Racing team went busted. Promoters brought Pelé and his Santos team to Paris from South America. They have Brigitte Bardot to lead parade and kick first ball. Only 30,000 people show in stadium that seat 60,000!"

Soccer people said Kap was talking through his hat, but the kicking scout insisted he was right. He predicted that after the 1974 World Cup competition in West Germany, "The game will go down fast. Dead silence all over in soccer. Europe now becoming more Americanized. People make more money, drive cars, drive, drive, drive. Eat fast lunch, drive, parking. Rush, rush, rush, like America. Become more aggressive like Americans. Soccer is too soft game. Pinching is a foul. Women now play soccer. Women! Europeans want more violence. Hockey is very big. Fast game, rough, violence. Basketball is big. Faster game. More action. More scoring. Rush, rush, like America."

And American football? "Big paper in West Germany, the *Bild-Zeitung*, 4.5 million circulation, wrote large article about American football when I was there. The *Paris Herald Tribune* carry stories. Big soccer magazine in West Germany ask me to write one article a month on American football. This is all over I Europe, everywhere I go, I show film on television, highlight film of New Orleans. The response was enormous."

Hear that, Pete? Rush, rush, rush.

SAME OLD STORY

It sounds like an echo, but strikes, bad weather, squabbles among construction companies and goofs, such as misaligning the aisles, have combined to keep Kansas City up to date in stadium building. The baseball part of the new Harry S Truman sports complex will not be ready for Opening Day on April 11, and there are indications that the separate football stadium won't be on time either, at least not for a scheduled Aug. 12 exhibition game.

Stadiums are the stuff of dreams. When voters authorized a \$43 million bond issue in 1967, they were told that the twin stadiums would share a roof that could be rolled back and forth to cover baseball field or football field as needed. Later it developed that not only would \$43 million not be enough to include a roof, it was not even enough for the basic, everyday stadium without optional equipment. More revenue

bonds had to be issued, and Lamar Hunt and Ewing Kauffman, the wealthy owners of the football Chiefs and baseball Royals, had to rally round with some of their own money. The total cost, without the beautiful roof, came to about \$55 million.

Judge George Lehr, who is more or less supervising stadium finances, said last week, "There is no way we'll have a rolling roof unless Mr. Hunt and Mr. Kauffman want to put up another \$18 million." Neither Hunt nor Kauffman leaped for his checkbook.

The delay is particularly galling for Kauffman. His lively young Royals, one of the surprise teams in baseball last year, were counting on the shorter fences and Tartan surface of the new stadium to turn them into prime contenders in the American League's West Division. Now it appears they won't get their advantageous new toy until July at the earliest, and possibly not at all this season.

Kauffman has been one of the most progressive owners in baseball in the three years he has had the Royals, but the stadium delay, coming on top of cash losses of nearly \$5 million, has dampened his enthusiasm. If he had to do it all over again, he was asked last week, would he still buy the Royals?

"Absolutely not," came the sad answer. "I'd have to be stupid to do so."

THEY SAID IT

• Chris Evert, 17-year-old tennis champion, after a year of being called things like "teen angel," when asked if she was getting tired of all the emphasis on her youth: "Well, it would be nice if some writer would get around to describing me as sexy."

• Emile Francis, coach and general manager of the New York Rangers, on the condition of the rink in Madison Square Garden: "I've seen better ice on the roads in Saskatchewan."

• Roger Staubach, Dallas Cowboys quarterback, preparing to speak at a football dinner: "I keep waiting for Mike Ditka and Bill Truax to bring in the words."

• Pete Newell, Houston Rocket general manager, on the ABA's signing of undergraduates: "It's almost inconceivable to say there are sophomores and juniors who can play an arduous 82-game schedule. You've got to be half buffalo just to carry a suitcase around our league."

END



*DESERT FUN
HAS CHANGED...*



...but not much!



LAS VEGAS

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

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It comes from many things: Our own selection of grapes.
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for aging. All are traditions of quality in making our brandy.
They will never change."

Brother Timothy F.S.C.
Cellarmaster, The Christian Brothers

The aging cellars of our old stone winery
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Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., San Francisco Brandy 50 proof



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TOM SWIFT AND HIS MAGIC WANDS

Strange things happened when he waved his driver, and his irons were hardly miraculous, but Tom Weiskopf was pure alchemist when his putter turned a day's work into \$52,000 in Gleason gold by DAN JENKINS

"If you play better than Jack does, you can beat him."

The peculiar thing was, Weiskopf did not play spectacularly well, especially on the closing holes when he was fighting himself and all the pressure. But more than one tournament has been decided by how a golf ball behaves on a green after it has been rapped by a putter. When it came right down to it, Jack Nicklaus had a putt prove it could roll on thin air, and Weiskopf saw one of his own putts bounce straight up and back down into the hole.

The Nicklaus putt was for a birdie and it missed on the final green. The ball, mysteriously, rolled right over the cup. "I could see the cup on both sides of the ball," said Nicklaus in disbelief. Weiskopf's putt was for a birdie, too, but on the 17th hole. It was a 30-footer that looked as if it might be heading for Miami Beach until it struck the back of the cup and went skyward before plopping down into darkness, igniting Weiskopf's jubilation. It was enough to give him a one-stroke win at 278.

Earlier, Nicklaus had missed a simple two-footer for a par on the 16th hole, another stroke that kept him out of first place. But things worked against him all week long. He could look back and see six three-putt greens, two balls out of bounds and a couple of disastrous double bogeys on the first two holes of the tournament on Thursday. It just was not his week to win, no mat-

ter how hard Tom Weiskopf worked to help him out.

As the tournament unfolded there at the last, after Weiskopf had eagled the 15th hole with one of his eight one-putt greens of his final-round 68, the winner seemed to try every conceivable way to lose. He hit a terrible four-iron on the 16th, but dropped an eight-foot putt for a par. And he finished with a bogey 5 on the last hole after shakily driving into the rough of perhaps another condominium unit. In between he even tried, unwittingly, to lose the whole thing by penalty.

That was at the 17th, following an awful drive. Weiskopf was in ground under repair and entitled to a free drop before playing his approach. To the absolute horror of tour commissioner Joe Dey and PGA tournament director Jack Tuttle, who know the Rules of Golf like they know their phone numbers, Weiskopf strolled all the way up to the 17th green, trapping through a bunker—then raking it as he left.

Under the Rules of Golf, this constitutes improving your situation on the hole. Had Weiskopf then hit his approach shot into the same bunker, he would have faced an automatic two-stroke penalty—and he would have thrown away the difference between the \$52,000 first-prize money and the \$29,640 for second.

"If you wanted to be hypertechnical, you could penalize him two strokes whether his ball went into the bunker or not," Dey explained. "Actually, anytime a player walks up ahead of his

continues

There it was in the dream of every Sunday hacker who ever wanted for a starting time on a public course with the dew crawling up his trousers. A shank, a fat four-iron, a couple of sprayed tee shots into the trees and dirt, even a forgetful flirtation with a disastrous two-stroke penalty. This was Tom Weiskopf coming home against Jack Nicklaus—and himself—and somehow surviving to win the richest golf purse of the year. Amid the exotic surroundings of another Florida condominium community last week, Weiskopf, in some magical fashion, turned all of the bad news into \$52,000 and everybody but Nicklaus said for the seven millionth time how sweet it was.

This was a new tournament called the Jackie Gleason Invitational Classic. It began with the celebrity status that one would expect from the very name given to it, like all of those Glen Campbells and Bing Crosbys and Bob Hopes and Andy Williamses and Dean Martinis on the professional tour, and then it lay quietly for a day or two, as many events do. But on Sunday it exploded with the excitement and drama of the occasional spectacular that breaks the routine of the seemingly endless tour.

Over the final nine holes it became a man-to-man conflict involving two of the longest hitters in golf, Weiskopf and Nicklaus, but their minds were in different places. Nicklaus, the favorite, knew he would win because he always gears his game to reach a Sunday peak. Tom Weiskopf only hoped he might win because, after all, he had the task of beating Nicklaus.

"I'm not afraid of Jack," Tom had said without much conviction after moving into a tie for the lead on Saturday.

Winner Weiskopf takes a step toward victory with a booming drive while host Gleason takes a step toward—well, a step to remember.





The week's big wheel rolls up to talk things over with Arnold Palmer, who had a few laughs.

TOM SWIFT *continues*

ball, he might be improving his situation. Suppose he tops the shot. It can roll over the grass he's tramped down, can't it?"

The key to not penalizing Weiskopf for walking through the bunker was the direction he took. He walked to the right of the cup; to the right, he insisted, of what he intended the line of the flight of the shot to be. Later he drew a map for officials to show exactly where he walked. Fine, said Tuthill. No penalty. But there would have been no recourse but a penalty had Weiskopf's shot landed anywhere in the bunker he had raked. So much for the rules. The ball did sail safely over the bunker and onto the green, and Weiskopf then sank his long putt that became the final, killing blow for Jack Nicklaus.

"I guess I didn't know the rule as well as I thought I did," said Weiskopf later. "I did a lot of choking out there. Playing safe is sometimes the hardest thing of all. I wasn't thinking too clearly, I'll admit. But I was trying. I was proud of myself for trying so hard."

For his part, Nicklaus thought that he was going to be mystified about his own putt on the last green for quite a while. "I didn't know a ball could roll on air," he said.

With this quixotic send-off the annual "Florida tour," which has grown more and more prosperous, was memorably under way. After tournaments in Los Angeles, Pebble Beach, Tucson, San Diego,

Honolulu, Palm Springs and Phoenix, the players at last could do some settling down and compete for the modest sum of \$335,000 in Florida alone.

Jackie Gleason's role in this rich Florida beginning was strictly that of a promoter. He did not part with any of the whopping \$260,000 purse, and like most others who were around all week, he probably did not even know what Inverrary meant. All he knew was that the owners of the 1,000 acres being developed in condominiums and town houses around the Inverrary Country Club had given him a TWA terminal building and called it a house. His name then helped to promote both the property and the golf tournament—and the tournament was mainly a gimmick for the land development, with charity thrown in to hold the community interest.

From the beginning the talk was of Gleason's house and whether anybody had seen it yet, that thing over by the 8th hole with the 14 rooms, a pool-shooting arena and only one bedroom. And everybody quickly started saying, no, they hadn't actually been inside but their DC-10 had landed there.

Gleason had been talking about a golf tournament for years, and finally a couple of chaps named Burt Haft and Jack Gaines, who built Inverrary, decided to produce one for him. The fastest way to promote condominiums and town houses these days, it seems, is to first get yourself a golf course or three with

fairway frontage, courses preferably designed by someone known, like Robert Trent Jones, Inc., then throw in a marina perhaps and some tennis courts, and maybe even an executive layout. If you are smart enough—and prosperous enough—to build all that first, the dirt is going to be easier to sell. A rich tournament, Haft and Gaines reasoned, was not going to hurt either, any more than the tony name they gave their club. "I think it's the name of a county in Scotland," Haft said, "but it really doesn't matter. We just like the sound of it, like Baltusrol. Baltusrol doesn't mean anything either." (It did to Mr. Baltus Roll, a landowner after whom the club was named.)

The Inverrary Country Club is about as close to Fort Lauderdale as it is to the state of Georgia. One reaches it by fighting endless traffic jams, always a part of the Florida season, turning left and right at various piles of dirt and gravel, crossing over canals and motorway past plot upon plot of open fields with signboards proclaiming that off in the distance lay—or soon would be—another unique community called Sunlight

Mickey Rooney played colorful cut-up role.



Village or Tuna Marina or something.

The holes of the golf course, characterized like most Florida courses by a vast flatness and emptiness, meandered through condominiums and town houses, some finished, others under construction. It boasted the usual modern length—7,128 yards—and, actually, was designed by Rees Jones, one of the two architects of Robert Trent Jones himself. It was typically Jones-tough, even tougher because the tee markers were further back than the architect himself had planned.

Interestingly enough, Florida tournaments, despite all their money, are noted for not drawing many spectators. But Inverrary did draw, partly because the sponsors worked hard at it, and partly because of celeb day on Wednesday. The place was jammed with nearly 20,000 fans. A lot of show biz pals of Gleason's came to participate, among them Glen Campbell and Vic Damone, Robert Stack and Bob Hope, Joe Namath and Mickey Mantle. There were a couple of novelties this time, Mickey Rooney for one, Muhammad Ali for another. Ali did not play golf but he attended a function known as Jackie Gleason's birthday party on Wednesday night in the club, and his presence seemed to dwarf everyone else's. Earlier, Rooney had put the golf in perspective by doing foolish stunts on the greens. And Gleason rode around in a red cart. It was all very fitting for an area that derives immense pride from the fact that Jackie Gleason calls it home.

The tournament began on Thursday with the big names looking as if they thought first place was worth \$26. Lee Trevino had a 76 and Arnold Palmer a 74. Nicklaus took 73 and Gary Player 72. All such scores were a mile behind the leader, Gene Littler, who played like 76 but scored an astonishing 65, seven under par on a course that was so long it would be unthinkable that anyone could break 280 over four rounds.

Littler did his 65 the way most 65s are done—by chipping in twice and coming out of no less than three different bunkers for pars. But he used up all his luck that first day. From then on he drifted slowly back into the heap, although on Friday he still clung to a share of the lead. But those names with whom he was tied looked about as comfortable chasing the largest purse of the year as would most of the spectators on the



Joe Namath and Jack Nicklaus enjoyed the amateur hours before Joe left and life got grim.

course with their fishing hats and little stools with aluminum legs. They were John Schlee, Brian Allin and Dick Lotz.

Saturday was the day the tournament began to make more sense. As Schlee and Allin fell out of serious contention, Weiskopf and Tony Jacklin came along and joined Nicklaus and Gary Player among the true contenders. The only surrealist who hung in there was Mac McLendon, who had never won on the big circuit. He shared the top spot with Player and Weiskopf.

There is a saying on the tour that anyone who finishes among the top 15 could have won. Any week. The scoreboard as Sunday got started in bright, good Florida weather showed a horde of people in contention. Only three strokes separated the first 15 players. Jacklin took an early lead, and there were three-way and four-way ties for a while, but by the time everybody reached the back nine it was pretty well down to Nicklaus and Weiskopf.

When Weiskopf eagled 15 he took the lead all to himself. He still had a host of bad shots to hit, and he had already holed more saving putts than the law generally allows. He had made an eight-footer at the 2nd hole, a 14-footer at the 3rd, an 18-footer at the 4th, a 15-footer at the 9th, a five-footer at the 12th, and the 20-footer for the eagle at the 15th. He had no reason to expect anything more from his putter on the 16th or 17th, but they were going into the cup just as surely as he was

going to walk into that bunker on 17.

Nicklaus had no chance. He never had a chance. Weiskopf had the magic. Why, when Tom walked through that bunker his feet didn't touch anything but air.

END

Glen Campbell swayed to his own golf tune.



IT MAY BE SHORT BUT IT ISN'T SWEET

The 60-yard dash takes six seconds to run, but what with the psyching out before and the acrimony afterward, it lasts an eternity by PAT PUTNAM

No one ever made an Olympic team by running beneath a roof, especially in a footrace which ends after 60 yards, but a national championship is a national championship, and in the cocky, swaggering world of sprinters there is no such thing as a meaningless race. Dash men are not unlike gunfighters. Each is ready to prove he is the fastest, be it in a challenge match down a back alley in Schenectady or, as it was last Friday night, over a slow, spongy Fuatrac straightaway in Madison Square Garden in the AAU indoor meet. And, if this were not enough, for U.S. sprinters there is now the pale specter of Valeriy Borzov, the Russian who claims he is the world's fastest human and that all the rest are a bunch of Volga boatmen.

So last week's race was serious business, something, say, on the order of that closely reasoned debate at the O.K. Corral. When Frank Bailey, the starter, told everybody to get set, six hard-eyed, unsmiling men hunkered down into their blocks. As Charlie Greene had said that afternoon, "I didn't come here to run second. But then I don't think any of those other cats came to run second, either."

Among the other cats were Dr. Delano Meriwether, Herb Washington, Mel Pender, Gerald Tinker, Willie McGee, Bobby Turner and Marshall Dell. "That's a lot of speed," said Washington, the Michigan State senior who two weeks before had run the 60 in 5.8 to break the world record. "But ever since John Carlos went into pro football, nobody has been able to take charge of the sprints. Guys will be falling out of the bushes trying to make the Olympic team. And I tell you this, Borzov may be the favorite but we'll dominate again in the sprints."

Since the Olympics were revived in

1896, the U.S. has won the 100-meter dash 12 of 16 times and taken 11 seconds and three thirds. "We always come up with somebody," said Greene, who got a bronze in 1968. "It's just a question of who'll win, one of our old men reincarnated or one of our younger dudes."

If there is to be a reincarnation, there was little sign of it among the senior citizens at the Garden. Greene, 27, pulled up lame in the semifinals. Pender, 34, scraped through his semi, and worse was yet to come for him. Dr. Meriwether, 28, was right sprightly, but he is considered a youngster in the sprint set, since he did not take up the sport until he was 27.

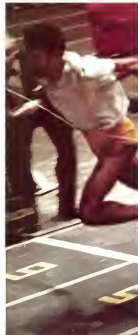
But young or old, all six finalists were complaining about the starter. "He holds you and he holds you and he holds you," said Pender, shaking his head. "And the time I did get a good start, his gun misfired. This country had just two good starters and they both died."

"With the seven of us," said Washington, "it's going to be a hot race."

"Seven?" Dr. Meriwether said. "You mean six, don't you?"

"I mean six and the starter," Washington said.

As the finalists—Dr. Meriwether, Tinker, McGee, Turner, Pender and Washington—began setting up their blocks, the starter seemed to eye Pender warily, almost as though he expected the burly 5' 5" Army captain to begin tearing down the straightaway before the others had removed their sweat suits. Styling himself the world's oldest sprinter, Pender boasts that he is the fastest man out of the blocks, which does not endear him to starters. They watch him the way cops watch Carlo Gambino. "I have a God-given natural talent," protests Pender, "and the starters are



always trying to take it away from me."

Washington laughs when he talks about Pender's starts. "I think all that stuff is just a psych he's trying to put on us," he says. "Like when Charlie Greene sings as he is getting into the blocks. I do a little of that, too. I always pull out a tape measure and check my blocks just before a race. If anybody did that to me I'd really be ticked off." With that, he pulled out his tape and began measuring. Dr. Meriwether watched him for a moment, hunched up his yellow suspenders and shrugged. Pender stared at the starter, who finally ordered them all into their blocks.

"Set," he said. Up they went, holding, holding, holding. Bobby Turner broke. "Kee-rist!" he said as he returned to the line. "Are we posing for pictures or running a race?"

They tried it again. Set, bang! McGee was caught rocking backward. "My God, he changed his tempo," thought Turner, frozen. Pender came firing out, took one stride and fell flat on his face.



In the season's most melodramatic sprint, Dr. Deino Meriwether (left) leans to edge out Gerald Tinker (third from left) at the wire

As he pushed off, his block had slipped. When Pender fell, Washington hesitated, thinking the race would be recalled. Startled, McGee stumbled and brushed against Tinker. Meanwhile, Meriwether slowly uncoiled and ran on. "I thought they might restart it," he said later, "but I've stopped before when they didn't and I'm not about to let that happen again." Pender lay on the Fastrac, looking questioningly at the starter. "I had a beautiful start," he moaned later. "Even as I was falling I looked around and didn't see anybody."

As the five upright sprinters closed on the tape, Dr. Meriwether saw Tinker leaning. "I think I'll try that," thought the doc, who is still experimenting with basic sprinting techniques. Just as he did, McGee dove head first for the tape, lost his balance and bumped into him. Even if McGee had got his Afro into the tape ahead of Dr. Meriwether's body, he would not have won. According to the rules, only the torso counts. As it was, both McGee

and the doc fell with shattering force.

"Who won?" Tinker was asked. "How would I know?" the 21-year-old Kent State sophomore said.

After studying the Phototimer pictures, the finish judges said it was Dr. Meriwether in 6.2, with Tinker second and Washington third.

"Lying there on the floor," said Dr. Meriwether, "I couldn't have cared less."

"Six-two?" said Washington, shaking his head. "That's awful. Wake me up at four in the morning and I'll run a six-two."

"Meriwether ought to thank McGee for stumbling into him," said Tinker. "Without that shove I might have won."

Meanwhile, at the other end of the straightaway, Pender was telling the chairman of the referees what happened to him in the hope that the race would be rerun. Pender hammered his blocks with a fist, sending them flying across the floor. "I was gone, man, I swear," he said. "I was psyched up. Ready. I

thought for sure they'd rerun it because of faulty equipment. But they didn't. Lord, I feel terrible."

Dr. Meriwether said he did not care if they reran the race or not. He was more concerned with the knee he bruised on his fall and with the Garden's unwillingness to give him duplicate films of his previous New York races. "It's never done" was the Garden's rationale. The Harvard hematologist had wanted to study his technique. For that reason, he has been lugging a home movie camera to all the meets he has entered this year, but so far he has been too shy to ask anyone to train it on him.

"I think I'm going to stop bothering with it," he said. "I don't feel as though I know anyone well enough to ask them to take the film. It's excess baggage."

Then Dr. Meriwether went home, hurting. And he did not even have a gold medal to show for his pains. They had been left in a box at the AAU's meet headquarters. What did you expect?

END

HIS MAJESTY GETS MUGGED AGAIN

And again and again. That's life for the king of the Black Hawks, Bobby Hull, who protests the shadowing he receives as no fun for him and a poor hockey show. Still, last week he scored his 40th goal by MARK MULVOY

For a first-place hockey team, there can be few fates worse than losing back-to-back games to the Buffalo Sabres, unless it is losing back-to-back games to the Los Angeles Kings. So imagine how Bobby Hull felt last Friday morning in frosty Buffalo when he was reminded that his Chicago Black Hawks had just been beaten two straight by the Sabres.

"Everything's awful, bloody awful," Hull mumbled as he stirred some awful-looking coffee. "The club has been playing terribly. I haven't scored a goal in two weeks. And I was on the ice for two Buffalo goals last night. Right now I'd like to find a hole somewhere and crawl into it."

For two months Hull and the Black Hawks have been coasting listlessly to another West Division championship, winning, it seems, only often enough to stay 10 or 12 points ahead of the Minnesota North Stars. The Hawks have a perfect 5-0 record against the Stars, but they have won only two of the 13 games they have played with Boston, New York and Montreal—the three top teams in the East. Worse yet, they have become exceedingly generous to some of the very weak teams, which is no way to tune up for the Stanley Cup.

Last week, in an exotic display of ineptitude, the Black Hawks somehow managed to score all three goals in a game with the Sabres in Chicago and lose 2-1. The first Buffalo goal was tapped home inadvertently by Chicago's Jim Pappin, and the winning Buffalo goal was scored in much the same witless way by Chicago's Christian Bordeleau. But there was more to come, as the Hawks continued their scoring binge. In Buffalo the next night the game was tied 3-3 with 2:01 left to play when Pat Stapleton, a Chicago defenseman, deflected a harmless shot by Sabre rookie Rick Martin into the Black Hawk net for what turned out to be the winning goal. "The Sabres deserve the Purple Heart," Bobby Hull said. "I won't say what we deserve." What the Black



Buffalo's Rick Martin slaps his stick at Hull in one of the countless jam-ups Bobby endures.

Hawks got was a verbal lashing from Coach Billy Reay. At last, on Saturday night back in Chicago, Hull helped restore normalcy to the ice as he scored his 40th goal of the season and led the Hawks to a 3-0 victory over the California Golden Seals.

First place and 40 goals have not made Hull a happy hockey player, however. "Every day the game loses some of its appeal," he says. "Expansion has diluted the old pride that gave such prestige to playing in a six-team, 120-man league, and I'm afraid that pride may never be regained. The game is big business now, run by money men, not sportsmen. They are in the game so they can tell their wives and friends, 'Come on. I'll take you down so you can meet the boys.' Fortunately, the longer part of my career was the good part—before expansion. And the travel; well, it's just murderous."

What bothers Hull most of all about expansion hockey is the fact that he has been unable to perform in the same electric style that juiced his goal-scoring records of the 1960s. "Maybe it's not realistic, maybe it's stupid to look back to those days," he says, "but it's impossible not to think about them." Since expansion Hull has performed under two peculiar handicaps. The Black Hawks have been unable to locate a center capable of adjusting his style to complement Hull's, and all the new teams shadow him with rugged kids who have orders to more or less trip, clip or mug him the instant he gets his stick on the puck.

"I'd love to play one season—just one season—as an ordinary left wing," Hull says. "I sit on the bench and see all the other left wings. When they get the puck there's no one within 50 feet of them. When I get it there's always someone right next to me. As far as I'm concerned, it's absolutely senseless for an expansion team to check me like that. Here they are trying to sell tickets, and they advertise that, well, Bobby Hull is coming to town. Then the people come out to see what they advertise, and what do they see instead? Some guy out there preventing you from doing what the people came to see. If I owned an expansion franchise and was trying to sell a lot of tickets and generate interest in the game, I'd build up the product by putting the worst bunch of players I could find out there on the ice when-

ever the advertised player came to town. That's what the people want to see, don't they?" His is not a totally unselfish viewpoint, but belabored Bobby has a point.

Around Chicago the joke is that Hull plays on the Donut Line. For five years Billy Reay has been trying desperately to find the ideal center for Hull and Right Wing Chico Maki. "You'd think that any center would be glad to have Bobby for a linemate," Reay says, "but it's not that easy to work with a star hockey player. I mean, you can't be very egotistical because you have to think more about feeding the puck to Bobby than keeping it yourself. And that is a problem with a lot of players."

Hull's center difficulties started at the end of the 1966-67 season when the Black Hawks traded Phil Esposito to Boston and Bill (Red) Hay retired. "I need a big, strong center, someone like Phil or Bill, who can hang onto the puck and wait for the right instant to feed me," Hull says. "I can't have a center who's always going to lose the puck when he gets hit." In the last five years Reay has tried, in alphabetical order, Lou Angotti, Andre Boudrias, Terry Caffery, Bryan Campbell, Gerry Goyer, Andre Lacroix, Pit Martin, Stan Mikita, Danny O'Shea, Paul Terbenche and Jim Wiste between Hull and Maki without prolonged success. Hull laughs when the names are recited. "It's so much easier to play the game when you have a regular center, someone who knows you," he says. "That makes the game fun."

Hull started the season with Campbell as his center. When the Black Hawks acquired Lacroix from Philadelphia they gave him a fling. Unfortunately, Lacroix not only was too small, he also was much too slow. "I told him that he was the first small Frenchman I'd ever seen who was not a great skater," says Reay. When Lacroix failed, Reay moved Martin onto Hull's line. "They had tried me with Bobby when I first came to Chicago in 1967 and I felt like the switchman on a railroad," Martin recalls. "Everyone told me to get the puck to Bobby, so when it would come to me I'd just switch directions and send it over to him. But Bobby doesn't want a center like that. If he was a pushy guy he'd have told me to keep the puck for a few moments and then get it to him when he broke free. But Bobby's not that way. He's not going to tell some-

one else how to play even if it might mean more goals for him."

For a time the Hull-Martin-Maki line was effective. "I've changed," Martin claims. "I'm not afraid to hang onto the puck, because I have more confidence. If Bobby's not in the clear, I don't force the puck to him. I try to make the play for myself." In any case, Reay removed Martin last week and installed Campbell once again.

To the layman, the answer to Hull's center dilemma might seem obvious: give the job to Stan Mikita, who is, after all, one of the best in the game. "I've tried it on occasion," Reay says, "but they don't work well together. Both Stan and Bobby need the puck, and there is only one puck to play with." Mikita agrees. "Bobby wants the puck 15 or 20 feet before he hits the blue line," he says. "I want to keep the puck until I get across the blue line. Our styles are so different that we could never play together regularly."

Hull and Mikita often appear on the same line during a Chicago power play hut, as Mikita points out, a power-play situation is much more patterned than the usual rushing offense. "When we're on the power play," Mikita says, "I tell Bobby, 'Find a hole somewhere and I'll get the puck to you,' and then I try to set him up."

Despite the confusion around center ice, Hull continues to be a consistent goal scorer. The one difference is that whereas he used to beat goalies most often with long, 100-mph shots, he now scores many of his goals on rebounds and deflections. "Bobby has had to change his style," Mikita says. "I see him taking suicide passes, where he gets blind-sided as soon as he touches the puck. In the old days he never had to do that. He may not want to now, but he does."

Even if Reay someday finds the new Phil Esposito or the new Bill Hay to fill the hole in the Donut Line, Hull is not certain that he could duplicate the old Hull. "I was like a can of worms in the old days," he says. "I was wriggling all over the place. But I have left a lot of blood, sweat and tears between those boards. Don't forget, I'm 33 years old now. With my new style, I'll probably be good for another five to seven years."

If not in Chicago, then perhaps with Winnipeg in the new World Hockey Association? Who knows what a hemmed-in superstar might do.

END

BIG BILL LOVES TO EAT 'EM UP

A shy young man with a huge appetite, UCLA's superstar feeds the Bruins' fast break and feasts on their foes by WILLIAM F. REED

The Ted Walton family lives in a rambling white house on a hillside in La Mesa, Calif., a suburb of San Diego. These days the Walton residence is a relatively tranquil place because three of the family's four outsized children are away at college: Bruce, 20, and Bill, 19, are at UCLA, where the former is a 6' 6", 250-pound football tackle and the latter is the 6' 11" star and center of the Bruins' unbeaten, top-ranked basketball squad (*see cover*). Cathy, 18, is a 5' 11" center on a women's basketball team at Berkeley. That leaves only Ted and his wife Gloria, their youngest son, Andy (at 16 a 6' 5" forward for nearby Melix High), and two monster mongrels.

It is nothing like the old days, when all the kids were home and the Waltons lived in a gastronomic and meteorologic madhouse. Poor Gloria used to spend most of her time then peeling potatoes or cooking—in a ceaseless attempt to satisfy the prodigious Walton appetites. Sometimes at breakfast the kids would have several hot dogs or hamburgers apiece, and for dinner there usually was steak or a roast. "There is no doubt in my mind," says son Bill, "that Glo's cooking is the reason I grew to be 6' 11"."

Dinner always began at 6:15 sharp. On holidays the after-dinner hours were spent around the piano in song. Ted, the possessor of a fine bass, would break out with a tune. The offspring, sometimes even the shy Bill, would ehime in. Indeed, music was prominent in the Walton household long before athletics. In the children's younger days, the family had its own band—Bruce on trombone, Bill on baritone horn, Cathy on drums (or flute or tuba),

Andy on saxophone, Ted on piano.

"I never tried to steer my kids into sports," says Ted Walton, himself a 6' 4" bear of a man with a facial resemblance to another Ted—Spiro T. Agnew. "I encouraged them to play, but only as a broadening experience, to complement their music. So wouldn't you know that they all gave up music and wound up in sports."

The Waltons are of modest means (he is a district chief for the San Diego Department of Public Welfare, she is a librarian), and they are both amused and amazed at their sudden celebrity, the consequence of Bill's exploits on the basketball floor. The sophomore with the floppy red hair and problem knees is easily the No. 1 big man

in college ball, the most talked-about player of this season and maybe one of the best ever to try the game. Already he is being mentioned in the same breath with such dominant figures as Bill Russell, Wilt Chamberlain and—of course—Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (or Lewis Kareem, as UCLA Coach John Wooden sometimes calls the former Lew Alcindor).

Walton himself shies away from such comparisons, preferring instead to give most of the credit for UCLA's success this season—23 straight wins, mostly by wide margins—to his teammates. "It hurts me when people talk as if I'm the only player on the team," he says. And he means it. "I wish sportswriters wouldn't ask me anything personally at all. I would like to see them get the whole team together to talk. I don't like to be singled out as an individual because we don't play as individuals, we play as a team."

While his attitude is admirable, and while it undoubtedly does a lot to promote harmony on a team of marvelously talented players, it also is true that everything UCLA does well stems directly from Walton and his extraordinary talents. His statistics are impressive enough—21 points a game, 15 rebounds, a 63% shooting average—but they do



LOUDER THAN THEIR SON, WALTON'S PARENTS, TED AND GLORIA, CHEER NIGHTLY

not tell how Walton so thoroughly dominates a game. Only Russell, Chamberlain and Jabbar were able to intimidate rivals the way Walton does, and few big men ever play with the full-court enthusiasm that characterizes Walton's game. He is everywhere—tipping in missed shots, leaping out of nowhere for blocks, chasing loose balls, calling the signals for UCLA's 2-2-1 zone press. Although his critics, and they are hard to find, contend that Walton has yet to prove himself against enough topflight centers, he has manhandled such worthy opponents as 7' Luke Witte of Ohio State and 6' 10" Steve Hawes of Washington.

"I think you have to be a real student of the game to appreciate the way Bill plays," says sophomore Guard Greg Lee, the team's playmaker. "We are only now beginning to realize how good he is. With Bill back there on defense, the rest of us can afford to gamble, and we can cheat getting out on our fast break."

Wooden sees even more. "He does so many things that don't show up in the box score," the coach says. "Like intimidation. How do you measure that? I know that when we had Lewis Kareem, the other teams had a lower shooting percentage. It went back up during the next couple of years but now, with Bill, it will go down again. Our opponents for the year are hitting in the high 30s and he is greatly responsible for that. Not only because of the shots he blocks but because they are always looking for him, just as they used to for Lewis all the time."

Typically, Walton's favorite maneuver is one that involves the entire team: the fast break. Usually it begins with Walton leaping high to clutch a rebound in his large, bony hands, then rocketing a pass to midcourt almost before his high-topped size 15 leather sneakers hit the floor. It ends, after a quick pass or two, with one of his teammates going in for a layup or an easy jumper. At midfloor, where he has been trailing the play, Walton—ever demonstrative—is apt to smile and clap his hands, as if he were just another fan sitting in the cheap seats behind the basket at Pauley Pavilion.

continued



A STARTLING SIGHT, LEAPING WALTON SHOWS WHY HE INTIMIDATES SHOOTERS

"On defense I make a point of knowing where all my guys are, all the time," says Walton, "so when I get the ball, even while facing the basket, I am thinking about the fast break. I know Henry [Bibby] is over here, and Kerth [Wilkes] is close by and Larry [Farmer] is at least within 10 feet of me. When I'm trailing the play and see everything materialize in front of me—wow! That pleases me the most."

From the fourth through the eighth grade at Blessed Sacrament school in San Diego, Walton played whatever sport was in season under Frank Graziano, a fireman whose only pay for the long hours he spent with the kids was gasoline money. It was Graziano who taught the Waltons and their friends the basics of basketball and who convinced Walton, at the end of his eighth-grade year, to forget high school football (he was an end) and concentrate on basketball. As an eighth-grader, Walton was playing defensive center for Blessed Sacrament, and offensive guard, too, because he was Graziano's best ball handler.

Before his sophomore year at Helix High, Walton underwent an operation to repair torn cartilage on his left knee. Because of the tender knee, and his lack of overall strength, he spent most of his sophomore year on the junior varsity. Near the end of the season Coach Gordon Nash promoted him to the varsity, but he played in only six games and did not start any of them. "For a sophomore with no experience he rebounded pretty well," says Nash.

Between his sophomore and junior years Walton grew from 6' 1" to 6' 7" and Helix turned to a high-low post offense featuring Bill and Bruce. The brothers formed an odd couple. Bruce began the season at 6' 5" and 283 pounds; Bill, two inches taller and a full 100 pounds lighter, was so frail that he was unable to play a complete game without resting. "He would simply get too tired," says Nash. "When that happened, he'd tell me and I'd take him out." His build often made Bill a target for opposing hatchet men who were not aware that the behemoth at the other post was his big brother.

"When they would begin to rough up Bill, I would look at coach and he

would give me a nod," recalls Bruce.

"Yes," says Gloria Walton, "then when the referee wasn't looking, Bruce would give the player an elbow and let him know that the skinny guy was his kid brother."

"After that," says Bruce, dreamily, "they wouldn't rough up Bill anymore."

In Bill's junior year Helix had a 29-2 record and won the CIF championship of the San Diego section, which includes more than 50 area schools. Between his junior and senior years Bill kept growing, to 6' 10½", and his stamina improved. Long bicycle rides around San Diego helped, but also, he says, "I was getting older and smarter. I put on 15 pounds, and I learned not to waste so much energy on the floor."

Early in his senior year it was obvious that Walton was an extraordinary prospect. As Helix ran up a 33-0 record and another CIF championship, he averaged 29 points and 24 rebounds, but 70% of his shots and was beginning to demonstrate the many skills that he uses so well at UCLA. Nash and the Waltons were inundated with letters and phone calls from college recruiters. Those who came to La Mesa to see Bill always got the same response from Ted Walton when they asked to take the family out to dinner: no thanks. The more fortunate, however, were invited to dine at the Walton home. "It's a tradition we began when Bruce was being recruited for football," says Ted. Adds a friend, "Ted has a lot of character. He didn't want to feel obligated to the recruiters in any way." So Notre Dame's Johnny Dec and USC's Bob Boyd ate at the Walton table, and so did John Wooden. The Waltons served Wooden a favorite family dish—roast and potatoes—but no one will say whether he had to sing for his supper.

After his senior season Bill announced that he was going to UCLA. "I felt they offered the best combination of academics and athletics," he says now. He also knew that Lee and Wilkes, two high school stars he admired, were on their way to Westwood, and that helped him decide.

Immediately after he announced his intention, Walton left for Europe with a touring AAU team. A mere boy among the Army veterans and college

graduates, he did not have much fun on the trip, or see much playing time. Once, in Czechoslovakia, he was even assigned to play for the opposition. The Americans won the game, but Walton did so well that he received a standing ovation. His most vivid impressions of Europe, however, do not concern basketball. He was upset by the poverty he saw in Italy and Yugoslavia.

Walton has this compassionate awareness with reason. His father, who oversees 200 employees and some 15,000 welfare cases, has long been concerned with the rights of the underprivileged. "Ted gets involved personally with a good many of our cases," says a fellow worker. "He is especially interested in the ADC [Aid to Dependent Children] program. He does everything possible to see that these kids are provided for, that they can get an education."

Bill Walton is also alert to racial injustices in America. "I don't blame the blacks for hating the whites," he says. "They've gotten such a raw deal for so long." He is taking a course in Afro-American studies, and his black teammates seem to consider him a blue-eyed brother. In many ways Walton is responsible for the unity on this year's Bruin team.

"Last year's team wasn't very close," says a source that knew the UCLA situation well. "Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe had their clique, and the whites had theirs. But this year's team isn't like that. Everyone, black and white, is close."

Walton gives most of the credit for this to the attitude of Bibby, the black guard who is the only remaining starter from last year and the only senior starter on this squad.

"I knew there wouldn't be any problems from the guys on our freshman team last year," Walton says. "I knew them really well. The only problem that could arise, I thought, would be with Henry. He'd be the top man, the senior, and he could just as easily have played the role of Mr. Cool or Mr. Above Everything. But he didn't. He's our leader. I respect him so much. If Henry told me I was shooting too much, or something of that sort, I'd quit it."

Every member of Walton's family

continued



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has been influenced by the furor caused by his size, talent and success. Ted and Gloria tend to stifle their naturally gregarious ways, preferring to stay in the background, allowing their son to take or leave his recognition as he chooses. Bruce, a star athlete in his own right, has had to accept being known as "Bill's brother" and take the inevitable greeting, "Hi, Bill... uh, Bruce." At Berkeley, Cathy Walton, the family member Bill says he most resembles, is teased about her famous brother. At home in La Mesa, Andy is the double dilemma of having to follow in Bruce and Bill's footsteps. (Recently Andy earned a unique niche within the family by setting fire to their living room. He lit three candles, then forgot them. When he awoke next morning, a table and some phonograph records were completely destroyed, and the wallpaper and rugs were so badly charred they had to be replaced. Andy called in his Helix High basketball teammates to try to clean up the mess before his parents got home from a trip to UCLA, but they only made things worse. Bill refused to come home from school until everything was fixed; Bruce was enraged. "First he yelled at me," says Andy. "Then he started to chase me. I couldn't believe it. He was crazy.")

While his family has to handle fame on only a peripheral basis, with Bill it is a full-time—and often distasteful—job. Whenever he leaves his private room in what was formerly the ATO fraternity house, he becomes an object to be pointed out, gawked at and whispered about. He handles most of this with equanimity. "It doesn't really bother me," he says, "because those people have no meaning in my life." But he also tries to stay out of the public eye as much as possible.

"I realize I can't keep my whole life private," he says. "My basketball life is open to everyone, but what I do off court for my own recreation and entertainment is my own business. I do what I want to do, people don't have to know. Even Coach Wooden doesn't know what I do."

"Everybody expects me to be a certain way. They have their idea of what a college ballplayer should be like—short hair and all that—but I'm not

like that. I'm myself. I love long hair. I wish Coach Wooden would let us wear it as long as we like to have it. Some people would really be surprised. They think the UCLA team is a bunch of all-American-boy types, but we're really not. I'm trying to have fun in life and not worry what other people think."

Bill is not an introvert, but he is careful about his friendships. As Bruce says, "I'm the kind of guy who likes parties where there are 25 screaming guys and 25 screaming girls, but Bill is not like that. He prefers smaller parties, with only five or six close friends." Bill spends a good deal of time alone in his room, reading, listening to records, studying. When he does go out, a frequent destination is Sep's, a small sandwich shop near the campus that Walton calls "my favorite place." There he likes to eat a submarine sandwich or two and rap with the guys who make them. Much of Walton's free time is taken up by his girl friend, Susan, who is more than a foot shorter but just as quiet. To protect her privacy, neither she nor Bill will reveal her last name.

Between now and the end of the season, Walton's main concern as a player will be keeping himself healthy. As his reputation has grown, so has the physical punishment under the boards. After the Southern Cal game (won by UCLA 81-56 with Walton holding USC's two centers to a point each), he was sore all the next day. Also, the grueling Pacific Eight schedule is beginning to take its toll on Walton's knees, in which he has a severe case of tendinitis. For a while, Walton's special treatment—heat packs on the knees before practice and games, ice afterward—kept the knees relatively free of pain. But in January, when the Bruins had to play Stanford on a Friday night and Cal on a Saturday afternoon, the pain returned.

"I really messed up my legs that weekend," says Walton. "I need more than 15 hours between games to be ready to play again. The pain didn't go away for quite a while. Then I got something wrong with my big toes. The tendons were torn in them from jumping. As a center, I don't do that much running but I do a lot of quick jumping.

It was so painful that at first I had to have cortisone shots for my toes. I also started taking medicine to reduce inflammation. I began getting it the Thursday before the USC game. It was supposed to be for my toes, but it helped my knees, too. I felt really fine against USC."

Some UCLA fans are worried that Walton may decide to turn pro before his career at UCLA is finished. It is no secret that representatives of the ABA's Miami Floridians are thinking about moving their franchise to San Diego and that the presence of Bill Walton would do wonders for them at the box office. A Floridian official showed up at the Walton household one day and was talking in terms of a \$1 million deal. But it would be surprising if Walton left UCLA before his class graduated. One thing Ted Walton instilled in his children is a belief that projects should be seen through. Long ago he refused to let Bruce quit Little League in midseason, or allow any of the children to stop taking music lessons before they finished the eighth grade. Now, although Bill Walton is more or less his own man, he has not forgotten his father's principles. Besides, he wants a education. Finally, it is not likely he would let down his teammates, who also are his closest friends, even for \$1 million.

"It's really a lot of fun to play with the guys we have," says Walton. "If I had played on last year's team, I know I wouldn't have liked it. But I want to play with these guys as long as I can. I don't want to play with some guys who are 40."

Walton family dinners are rare occurrences now because the older children are not often home at the same time. But when Ted and Gloria come to UCLA for a game, they get together with Bill and Bruce at a restaurant. At one recent breakfast meeting, Bruce ordered eggs sunny side up. When they arrived, they were over easy.

"Hey," said Bruce, aggressive as usual. "These aren't sunny side up."

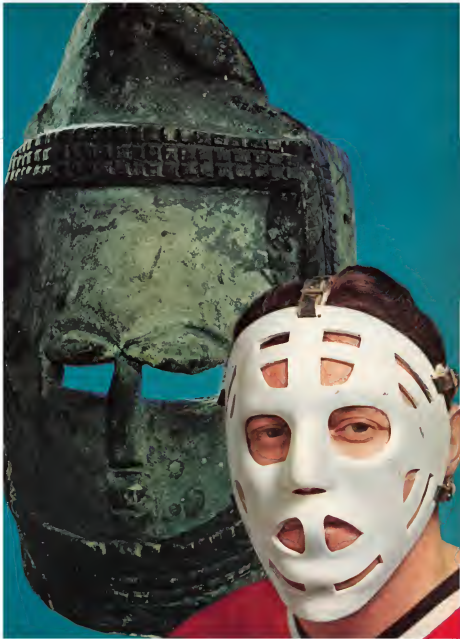
"Well," retorted the waitress, "turn 'em over."

Bill laughed, and so did Ted and Gloria. For a moment, it was just like old times.

END

Out of Africa and onto the Angry Ice

Through the centuries man has utilized masks to ward off terrifying forces of nature and to terrify other men, no people more imaginatively than antique Africans. Small wonder, then, that hockey goalies should eventually adopt masks to ward off a specific new terror. This was the slap shot, which sent the puck rising at 100 mph toward unprotected heads. Jacques Plante was the first major-leaguer to wear a mask regularly, starting in 1969. What Jacques planted, virtually all other goalies reaped by the late 1960s, for widespread use of the curved stick made the slap shot not merely cranium-high but viciously unpredictable. As the following pages reveal, masks have also contrived to give each goalie a special personality and in one case to tell a simplified story.

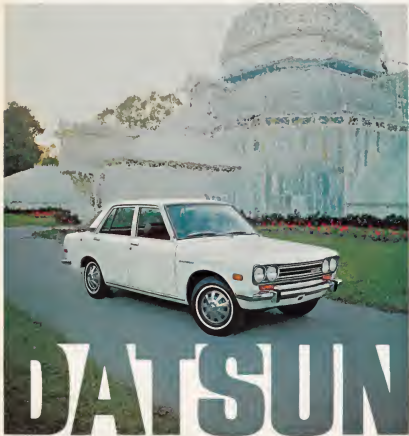


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FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

In the bar at the Lincoln Plaza Hotel in Oklahoma City it was getting on toward midnight, and the red-haired woman with the brown and green eyes was sipping a glass of orange juice while her fiancé packed away a few after-dinner Scotches and nodded to the music of a three-piece combo.

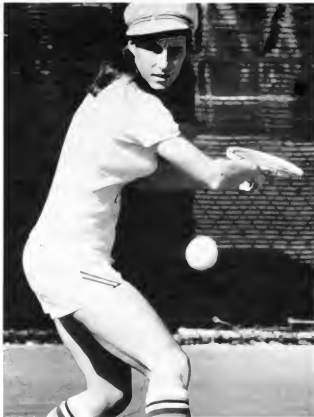
Half an hour earlier the drummer had stopped by their table for a drink and had laid on them a tale of what it was like to grow up black in the South, a story told in a kind of jive rhythm, thick with folkisms and hip enigmas. The red-haired woman, whose brown and green eyes also held flecks of red in the peculiar light of the bar, listened with the greatest sympathy, considering that she was French and could hardly understand a word the man was saying, and when he rose to go back to the bandstand she took off her necklace and gave it to him.

The black man looked at the pendant on the necklace and started grinning. "Right on," he said. He put on the necklace and returned to his drums and sat there grinning through the final set.

"He must have like it," said the red-haired woman.

The pendant was a cartoon figure of a flapper with rolled hose and a tennis racket. Whether the irony was comprehended fully is a matter of guesswork, but that cartoon figure is associated with an advertising slogan that says, "You've come a long way, baby."

The red-haired woman was Françoise Durr of Paris, France, the sixth-ranking women tennis player in the world and at that moment the fourth leading money-winner on the Virginia Slims Women's Tennis Circuit. Virginia Slims is a brand of cigarettes that partly sponsors the women's professional tennis tour and places its slogan on banners around the courts as well as on buttons, sweat suits and on the T-shirts that Françoise Durr fills out in such admirable fashion. The slogan neatly fits in with the female tour's nickname—Women's Lob—and with the journey of Françoise herself.



Mlle. Durr's strokes are bizarre, but she won \$65,000 last year and now ranks high on the Virginia Slims tour by EDWIN SHRAKE

A LONG WAY, BÉBÉ

Françoise turned toward her fiancé, showing in profile a fine French nose that General de Gaulle would have been proud of, and said mildly, "I suppose Nancy is in bed asleep by now."

"Forget Nancy wherever she is. You'll beat Nancy. You're a fighter," said her fiancé, Bill Cutler, who works for the sponsoring tobacco company. Cutler looked at the other person at their ta-

ble, a tall fellow whose eyes also held many flecks of red that had nothing to do with the lighting or the benefits of natural coloring.

"Nancy's a fighter, too," Cutler said. "She was brought up to live for beating you on the tennis court. Right now that's probably all she's thinking about, beating Frankie here. Well, you've got to admire that quality, the way things

continued

are in America these days—with the country full of co-ops."

"You mean communes?" said the other person.

"No, I mean co-ops. People who just want to cooperate with everybody and don't care about winning."

"I didn't realize the country was full of people like that," said the other person, feeling a little cheerier.

"It's full of them," Cutler said.

"I want to beat Nancy, but if I lose..." said Françoise.

"You won't lose," Cutler said. He looked again at the other person, whose knowledge of tennis bordered on the primitive—backhand, forehand, serve, run around a bit, partake of cooling liquids, that was about it. "You'd be surprised. I've noticed a tremendous predisposition among the women players about which ones they can beat and which ones they can't. Largely it's been the same women playing each other for the last six or eight years—though there are some good new ones coming up—and they'll remember matches they lost to a certain player three or four years ago. They'll think, 'That girl beat me, she's better than I am,' and they'll go out and lose to her again. For example, Frankie's got this idea that she has a hard time with Nancy Richey Gunter. Billie Jean King thinks she can beat all of them, and they know it, and she wins some matches she should have lost because her opponent will realize late in the match that she's not supposed to beat Billie Jean and will fall apart."

"Last year," said Cutler, "the big book on the women's tour was *Psychocybernetics*, about how you do something in your mind before you actually free it physically, train your mind and body to perform perfectly, get rid of the idea that maybe you'll fail. The book went through the girls like fire. Frankie read it."

"I read half of it," Françoise said with a French accent she fears is becoming Americanized but sounded like a melody in the Oklahoma bar. "Then I put it down. If I am going to play the match over and over in my head, by the time I go onto the court I am too tired to play. I am worn out with thinking about it. I know what I am supposed to do—run Nancy back and forth, back and forth. So I wait until I go onto the court to do it."

"You'll beat her, honey," said Cutler.

"That is the kind of encouragement I need. Not this thing in that book," Françoise said.

Early that afternoon the women in the championship flight of the tennis tour had met in the student center at Oklahoma City University to draw for first-round opponents. (There are now close to 50 on the tour but only 16 usually play in the championship flight for the prize money, the others battling each other in two satellite tournaments, called qualifying and preliminary flights, for the right to move up.) The attractive, bouncy Billie Jean King, who at 28 refers to herself as "the old lady" of the tour, was seeded No. 1 in the circuit's point system based on matches won. Frankie Durr, 29, was seeded No. 2. The notion behind seeding is that the two hottest players are placed at the top and bottom of the brackets so that there is a good chance they will meet in the finals.

As the women, or girls—whatever you call a bunch of females who are mostly in their early 20s—gathered at a long table gossiping and laughing, there was the feeling of watching some postgraduate sorority affair. They were an amazingly good-looking group of people, especially when one thought of the stereotype of the woman athlete. Nobody had a beard. Nobody looked or sounded like Ernest Borgnine. The ones who weren't still in sweat suits from a morning of practice were thoughtfully dressed. Billie Jean King—winner of 33 national championships, undisputed world champion for three years, last year the first woman athlete ever to win more than \$100,000 in a season—wore curved, tinted glasses, black slacks and a Western shirt and, later, put on a rainbow poncho her husband Larry had bought for her in Panama. Wendy Overton, fifth-seeded, tall and blonde, looked like the product of a patrician Eastern girls' school. Nobody waddled, not a lumberjack in the group.

Lesley Hunt, a beautiful young blonde from Australia, drew Billie Jean King in the first round and cried out, "How could I have such luck!" The draw continued, presided over by the 64-year-old Britisher Pip Jones, tour manager, husband of 33-year-old former Wimbledon champion Ann Haydon Jones, who was coddling their two-month-old baby. Frankie Durr, winner of five tournaments and \$65,000 last year and winner

of the French Open doubles championship the past five years, sat up smiling as her draw was announced. She rolled her eyes at Nancy Gunter, who sat at another table. "There is no use to worry. We just see what happen," Frankie said.

At a cocktail party and dinner that night at Quail Creek Country Club, Billie Jean King was saying, "Frankie is a hard worker. Does a lot to help this tour, and she's a fantastic player because of her mobility and consistency. She positions herself beautifully on the court. That serve of hers is more difficult to handle than it looks. She's always ready for your return, and if you step up and really try to put her serve away, you get the strangest sensation. It's like swinging at a nothing ball. You can't tell what you've hit."

"Frankie is the sweetest thing ever to come out of France," said Pip Jones.

"It's a remarkable thing to watch her play tennis. There's not a better doubles player anywhere. I wouldn't recommend parents to take their children to see her to learn her strokes, which are unorthodox to say the least. But if you want them to learn tactics, tell them to watch Frankie."

As Pip Jones was speaking, Frankie Durr was smiling politely across the dinner table, making conversation with several local ladies. A few years before, Frankie would have had trouble eating or sleeping on the night before a match with a player like Nancy Gunter. But now she was taking it calmly, even though it remained in her thoughts. Frankie's game is based on hitting the ball back and not getting caught out of position rather than on attacking. "But one thing I can't do with Nancy," she whispered, "is stay deep and keep trading drives with her. Nancy's father did that with her for years, and she can keep hitting perfect balls that way all night long. I will have to mix it up, change the pace, try to throw her off."

Françoise Durr started playing tennis when she was 13 in Algeria, where her family had lived for four generations. Her father was a French colonel, a war hero who was killed on a routine flight in 1945, when Frankie was 3. She left Algeria during the revolution, moved to Paris with her mother, brother and sister, and took her unusual strokes ("Some people call them bizarre, but I think it is nicer to call them unique," she says) onto

continued

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A LONG WAY *continued*

the international tournament circuit while in her teens. She astounded the other players with her grip—right forefinger extended along the handle, same for backhand and forehand—and with a backhand stroke that she could use to throw a Frisbee. But she began to win.

As a result, Frankie has played against all of the most celebrated women players of the last 10 years—and several of the men. With her game depending so heavily on tactics instead of power, she studies her opponents with care. One afternoon before her Oklahoma City match with Nancy Gunter, Frankie was asked to rate the top 10 women players, in her opinion, in order and discuss them. She thought about it for a while and then began listing them, not in the order prescribed by official rankings:

1. Billie Jean King. "She has no real weakness. She has power, but a nice touch as well, and she's a very nice person. I think I may have a little edge over her because I beat her last year and she knows I can beat her. She volleys so well that I try to go to the net before she does. She is a wonderful player."

2. Margaret Court. "Margaret is so big and very strong. She hits the ball hard and it's very heavy on the racket. I get tired playing her. If I go to the net, she's too tall to hit the ball past. I've beaten her once out of 10 or 15 times. I'm not strong enough to play her. She stays by herself, is not very friendly. Maybe that's the way to be a champion—by yourself on the top. When she's playing well, it's very hard for anyone to beat her."

3. Evonne Goolagong. "A very strange girl. She plays well or badly, depending on her mood. She's a talented, natural player. This year the pressure is on her because of her No. 1 world ranking. Last year she was relaxed. She can play any kind of game, stay back or serve and volley. She adjusts according to whom she's playing. I try to make her come to the net and pass her. If she stays back, she makes strokes I don't like. She can do anything with the ball. She's very young, only 20 now, but acts more like she's 15. She carries a tape recorder and music everywhere and travels always with her coach. She's a little special, won't really mix with the rest of us."

4. Kerry Melville. "A nice girl but very shy. She doesn't talk much, doesn't have a strong personality. Her game is im-

proving and she's playing well now. But she's hard to know and talk to."

5. Rosemary Casals. "A good friend of mine, she's in a bad period at the moment. Not happy. She's having trouble with her weight. She doesn't listen to anyone right now or talk to anyone very much. But she's a great friend to have around and can be a lot of fun. She's the most talented player of us all, can hit any stroke. She's small but hits the ball hard and has one of the best serves of any of the girls. But sometimes she doesn't have the mentality for the game, is lacking something in the head. I don't know what it is."

6. Chris Evert. "She is difficult to know, but of course she really hasn't been around much. I'm sure she feels kind of out of it, still being in school. She's a nice girl and very poised to be only 17. She seems more like 25. She's good, thinks well, is very clever and is improving. She plays more volleys than she used to. She's winning points now instead of waiting for her opponents to make mistakes. She'll be one of the very best in two years."

7. Virginia Wade. "Along with Rosie Casals, Virginia has the best serve. She's a peculiar girl, can be nice or not so nice depending on her mood. I don't know how to take her. She has tremendous power but is very nervous. The nervousness kills her sometimes, like at Wimbledon. She can't play there. It's always losing to somebody—she shouldn't. Maybe she's too bright, has too much imagination, can't do what she wants to do. She plays well in one tournament but is up and down. She'll win a fantastic match, but she could lose to anybody."

8. Nancy Richey Gunter. "Her whole life has been based on tennis. She has sacrificed a lot for the game. Now that she's married, she seems to be taking it a little easier. Her father taught her not to talk or even say hello to an opponent before a match, so she has been a long time by herself, thinking about tennis. She does hardly any promotion for the tour. The other girls get a little bit mad about that. She practices at least an hour before a match. She's most difficult to beat, maybe is too steady for me. Nancy never gives up, no matter how far she might get down."

9. Judy Dalton. "One of my very best friends. We pull for each other and help give each other confidence. We're dou-

continued

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bles partners. She hangs her racket around like I do, to get things out of her system so she doesn't go wrong. She's more relaxed now that she's married and is playing her last year on the tour. Maybe she doesn't move her feet enough, but she's a strong player."

10. Françoise Durr. "Why not put myself 10th? I don't know, maybe I should be five or six. Determination is what makes me win. I wouldn't say I have a great serve or hit great shots, but I believe I can beat almost anyone. My biggest weakness is when I lose confidence. I don't hit the drop shot very well. I get very mad at myself when I know what to do and can't do it. Footwork is the key to tennis. First you must be in position with your feet before you can hit the ball properly. I used to skip rope a lot to develop my footwork. Also I work hard on my concentration, try to get keyed up for a match, try to know which shots my opponents don't like. When I start to lose confidence, I write my coach, Joseph Stolpa, in France. He writes me every week. I could tell you how to beat me, but I won't do it. I wouldn't want the girls to read that."

It is obviously an odd sort of life, perhaps particularly so for a woman. Frankie Durr played in 38 tournaments last year. She plays for six or seven months in the U.S. and two or three in Europe.

"It is an exhausting, lonely life," she said. "You meet many people, but then you don't see them again for a year. If you want to be the best, be on top, you must work very hard. It all depends on what you want out of life. The life of a professional athlete is superficial and the satisfaction is very short. When you fall from the top, you may still have a big name but it is not the same, and you must prepare yourself for it. So many don't realize that playing the game at the top is a short part of your life, and even that short part requires much sacrifice. I am at the point now where I am ready to quit in a year or two and try to change my life. It is an important step."

A number of the players on the tour are married, but few travel with their husbands and none have children. There have been inevitable speculations about homosexuality. "I have heard the things people say," Frankie said. "It could be a problem, all right. I don't know. I doubt we are any different from any other group of people."

continued

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A LONG WAY

On the morning of his evening match with Nancy Gunter, Frankie practiced for a while, watched her friend Judy Dalton win a match and then returned to her hotel to rest and play her guitar. She also plays classical piano, "but a guitar is easier to carry," she said. "If I had my life to do over, I would be a top-spin tennis player—instead of playing the flat game like I do now—or be a pop singer. Maybe it's not too late."

She had sleep and salad two hours before her match and went back to the OK U field house to borrow some tennis rackets from Dalton and from Betty Stove, another close friend. Frankie broke her own French fiber-glass racket weeks ago, has been unable to get replacements, and has been using borrowed rackets. In that time she has broken three of Dalton's. Her temper on the court is such that once in Melbourne she threw a racket so high that the wind caught it and blew it out of the stadium. "Imagine a golfer playing with borrowed clubs," she said, warning up. "It is ridiculous, I think."

In the first set against Nancy Gunter, Frankie was quickly down 3-0. She said Dalton's racket beneath a table and picked up a metal racket of Stove's. They were playing a deep game in the dim field house, blasting from the bushes, Nancy Gunter grunting with the effort of each shot. Frankie was loudly exhorting herself into her work, and she finally tied the set 6-6 and won the tie-breaker. The two girls kept banging away, running at a heavy pace, and Durr seemed to begin to crack. She sat down in the stands and hung her head for a moment and lost the second set 6-2.

In the third, down 3-0, Frankie looked weary and disappointed. "I don't care," she said. "She can have it." But then she said, "I've been out here too long already to quit and go home now." With another surge of strength, Frankie moved ahead 4-3, Nancy tied it 4-4, and Frankie broke Nancy's service in the final game to win the set 6-4 and the match. She came off the court, her red ponytail limp with sweat, her feet covered with blisters from running for two hours on the artificial carpet.

Frankie's exhaustion carried over to the next day, when she was upset by Valerie Ziegenfuss. Then it was on to Paris for a couple of days' rest before the grind took up with the next show on the road, baby.

END



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The baseball holdout game just ain't what it used to be. Time was when hard-to-get stars popped transfixers and hung by the phone waiting for management to call back. Today's holdouts are too cool. **Vida Blue**, for example, has simply dropped from sight while he waits for **Charles O. Finley** to make up his mind on Blue's \$90,000 salary demand. And **Frank Howard**, who wants \$130,000 from the Texas Rangers, keeps himself occupied by pattering around Green Bay, where he has several supermarket and shopping center real estate ventures. Considering the prevailing temperatures in Green Bay this time of year, it's a wonder Howard doesn't settle just to get warm.

Craig Clemens knew he didn't belong in Chicago. The star Iowa defensive back, who had hoped to be picked in the first round of last month's college draft by one of the New York teams, ended up instead as the property of the Chicago Bears. Oh, well. Clemens went to Chicago as the guest of a local TV station. While there he drove the wrong way on a one-way street, crashed

into another car and picked up a rather complicated traffic ticket. Back up, **Craig** in New York they tow your car away for a lot less than that.

♦ Our nomination for Sympathizer of the Year goes to **Gerard E. Seltzer** for his note of condolence to **Raquel Welch**, who broke her wrist last week in a skating accident during rehearsals for a movie on Roller Derby. Raquel was receiving instruction from a coach, but apparently not enough. Seltzer, commissioner of the International Roller Derby League, is suing Miss Welch for \$15 million for trademark infringement in connection with the film, and his letter made it clear he does not plan to let matters drop just because Miss Welch is suffering. "My personal anguish at this delay in your thesis career is incomparable," he wrote. "But my plans . . . remain firm . . . I have no intention to let sympathy overcome my basic greed."

Considering the history of his strained relationship with Commissioner **Pete Rozelle**, it would

not have been surprising if once-suspended and now retired Detroit Lion Tackle **Alex Karras** had put a new ending on the story of *Peter and the Wolf* as he narrated the Prokofiev composition in a concert with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra recently. But no, Karras stuck to the script and, as usual, Peter won out.

David Dubinsky, the 80-year-old president emeritus of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, is a strong believer in physical fitness, the more so since an encounter near his Greenwich Village apartment last week. Dubinsky, who in good weather rides his bicycle up to midtown Manhattan and back, stepped out for some milk at a nearby grocery store and encountered a mugger. After a brief scuffle, during which Dubinsky landed at least one clean punch, the thief ran off with his wallet containing \$60. Most of that, it turns out, was what Dubinsky described as "gun money"—not the kind you buy booze with, but winnings from a recent card game with an AFL-CIO official in Miami.

♦ Right up there with Dubinsky in his passion for physical fitness is **André Courrèges**, the

Paris couturier who pioneered the pants suit and the white boots that bear his name. The designer has turned his Paris apartment into a miniature hippodrome for bicycling, tearing out all the dividing walls and installing a wooden track. Each morning he pedals from bedroom to bathroom to kitchen to library, with about a 20-yard spring along his bookshelves. The track is such a pride that André insists guests who call must wear slippers when they enter. Aw, c'mon, not even a pair of Courrèges originals?

Art and the Athlete, an exhibit of original art works by professional jocks that emphasizes the esthetic side of "the athlete's psyche," began a tour of 41 U.S. cities with a show at Madison Square Garden in New York. Among those exposing their talented psyches are New York Jets **Eric Barnes**, **George Nock** and **Mike Stronberger**; Pittsburgh Steeler **Larry Gagner**; Ken Newfield of the New Orleans Saints; and **Joel Horlen** of the Chicago White Sox. Most of the athletes-cum-artists submitted oil paintings, but Nock came in with an impressive sculptured rhinoceros. And **Jim (Ball Fier) Bouton** pitched in with a colorful entry of abstract watercolors.



Marshall's Herd is being heard

Singer John Denver's West Virginia is a land of country roads and mountain mamas. Well, yes, but a better description, at least down in Huntington, would go something like this: it is the land of the Thunderin' Herd. Do anything for you? It will if you ever get within carshot of Huntington's 74,000 souls spread along the banks of the Ohio River.

The Herd is the Marshall University basketball team and the local claim is that these are the best unknowns to build a national reputation since Jerry West walked onto the West Virginia University campus up in Morgantown. They are small by today's standards, but oh my how they do scrap and hustle. If they cannot stampede their victims to death with their fast break—it is just a blur of green and white uniforms—then they steal them blind or blind them with lightning, which is how some people describe their passing and shooting. They have a near-perfect record, 22-2, and they are, to use the most sacred of basketball's words, *ranked*.

For an idea of how the Herd works, consider baby-faced Mike D'Antoni, the 6' 3" Italian hillbilly with the 37-inch arms and A academic standing in premed. He is so clever with the ball that he seemingly can wink at a cheerleader at the same time he is whipping a pass to someone wide open under the hoop. There is Center Russell Lee, only 6' 5" but able to hold his own against the likes of such giants as 6' 9" Greg Clues of St. John's and 6' 11" Jim Chones, ex-Marquette. There is Randy Noll, tall for Marshall at 6' 8" and skinny for any-

body at 210 pounds. He spent his sophomore year warming the bench for Adolph Rupp at Kentucky, transferred to Marshall and now is the Herd's No. 1 rebounder. Says Noll, who still wears his blue Kentucky letter jacket around the Marshall campus, "You can say that I would sort of like to come back and haunt my old friends in a tournament."

Noll is not the only one around Huntington who is looking forward to the postseason action. The townspeople always have been avid about basketball, but now, with the school on the brink of its best record ever, they are sprouting bumper stickers that say such things as, "If you love the Herd, honk," and wearing the number 8—Marshall's ranking last week—on their sweaters and coats and neckties. The athletic department was besieged with requests for tournament tickets long before the team had even decided which tournament it might get to—if any. And through it all Carl Tacy, the Herd's 39-year-old rookie coach, remained the coolest man in town.

"I really haven't had time to savor the rankings and the attention," he said recently. "I think the most important thing now is to keep up the routines we have been doing all season."

That Tacy should have to reflect on the hazards of success is in itself surprising, considering that this is only Marshall's second rebuilding year since being drummed out of the Mid-American Conference for football recruiting transgressions. In addition, Tacy is Marshall's second coach in two years. A native West Virginian who had been coaching at a junior college, he succeeded Stewart Way, who stepped aside and now is, in an unusual switch, Tacy's assistant.

With five high school All-Americans on hand, Tacy knew he had the makings of a pretty fair season. He also knew that he would have to teach the Herd defense, something Marshall players have regarded in the past as about as useful as a prairie-dog hole. Today the team has all the usual defenses plus six variations of the full-court press and a newfound knowledge of how to get position for rebounds. Few teams this year, even big, experienced ones, have kept their composure against Marshall's pressure. "Oh, man, we love to run," says Lee. "We can go all day."

Lee is Marshall's leading scorer with a 22.8 average and the team's only senior starter. He came to Marshall from Boston because, he says, "The fans were so friendly and enthusiastic." Now he hopes one of those country roads will take him home to play pro ball for his boyhood idols, the Celtics.

As good as Lee is, and he is already the top three-year scorer in Marshall's history, the man who directs the Herd is D'Antoni. He grew up in the little coal town of Mullens, where his father was a high school coach. His older brother Don was a star for Marshall's NIT team of a few years ago, and a younger brother Mark, 8, already is a ball-handling wizard of some repute. While D'Antoni is a fine outside shooter, his specialty is fancy action on the fast break. "I love it when the crowd goes wild at one of my passes," he says. "I guess there's a little hotdog in all of us."

So what do the Herdsman do wrong? Through no fault of their own they do not play the toughest schedule in the country. Still, their best games have come against their strongest competition. They beat St. John's—then undefeated and highly regarded—in the finals of Marshall's holiday tournament. And in the final of Marquette's tournament they lost to the unbeaten Warriors by only 74-72. After that game Tacy and Marquette's Al McGuire exchanged words that ended with McGuire telling a West Virginia writer, "We've had enough of you guys. Why don't you go back to the hills where you belong?"

By the time the Thunderin' Herd is finished stompin', a lot of other coaches may be asking the same question.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

MIDWEST Marquette, undefeated in 22 starts this year and all 26 regular-season games last year, got itself not only beaten, but badly as Detroit humbled the Warriors 70-49. It was Marquette's lowest point total ever under Al McGuire. Detroit shot 61% from the floor and clogged the defense thoroughly on defense. "It's probably the worst game

continued

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I ever coached," McGuire said, shrugging off the loss of Jim Chones. "Even if we'd had Kareem Jabbar we would not have beaten Detroit today."

For the second time this season Louisville defeated Cincinnati. Guard Jim Price, the game's high scorer with 25 points, held Cincy's Lloyd Batts to four points and grabbed nine rebounds in the 93-73 victory. Then, on Sunday, the Cardinals beat St. Louis, 84-78.

In a rocky Big Ten week Michigan came out with solid credentials, downing Minnesota 64-52 and switching places with the Gophers as the conference leaders. Down 31-23 at halftime because of Minnesota's full-court zone press, the Wolverines went into a press of their own. Thereafter junior Ernie Johnson blanked Minnesota ace Clyde Turner. Ohio State stayed in contention by winning at Northwestern, 76-74 in overtime. The shaky Buckeyes, who missed 16 of 28 free throws at Illinois a week before, sank 22 of 29 this time out. The Ohio State hero was sophomore Wardell Jackson, who hit a jumper from the corner with two seconds left to send the game into overtime and then scored a key rebound goal with 45 seconds left in the extra period. Ohio State and its brawl rival, Minnesota, are tied for second place in the conference and both have three games to play, only one away from home.

Kansas invited its entire 1952 NCAA championship team back as guests for a Big Eight showdown battle against Missouri, and there was no need to suit up any of them. Jayhawk Bud Stalworth ended with 50 points, a Big Eight conference game record, and Kansas won 93-80. Kansas State took advantage of Missouri's loss to move into first place, beating Oklahoma State 74-52 and Oklahoma 80-71.

Oral Roberts, scoring 107 points a game, neared the all-time NCAA record. Should the Titans, whose record is 22-1, average only 81 in their last games, they will break Jacksonville's record of 100.3.

1. MARQUETTE (23-1) 2. LOUISVILLE (21-2)

WEST UCLA's ruinful Bruins had three reasonably tough Pacific Eight games in one week—and made chopped meat of all three opponents. On Monday they had Cougarburgers, grinding Washington State 85-55. Friday, Bill Walton gobbled up Oregon with 37 points, a career high for the sophomore center as the Ducks were cooked 92-70. But Saturday's game against Oregon State was expected to be the hardest. It was, just barely. "We were destroyed at the start," said Coach Ralph Miller. "One man goes the wrong way on the tip. His man scores. Then we make two or three turnovers before we get a shot. They sure

make it a long night awfully early." The score: 91-72.

The Gauchos of UC Santa Barbara twice galloped to 14-point leads over sixth-ranked Long Beach, but CSULB simply wore Santa Barbara down with superior height, 80-66. At halftime Coach Jerry Tarkanian put in a 3-2 zone, but told Glenn McDonald to stay with John Tachogl only on the zone's perimeter. McDonald misunderstood, creating a box-and-one that worked so well Tachogl scored only four points the rest of the game. The 49ers had even more trouble before edging Los Angeles State 62-60.

BYU, which clinched the WAC championship by beating Wyoming 70-56 and Colorado State 105-85 at home, will play its last two games at UTEP and New Mexico purely for recreation. The Cougars (20-3) will enter the NCAA regional at Pocatello. Weber State won its fifth straight Big Sky title and a Pocatello berth, too, probably against Hawaii, by taking Idaho 82-56.

The Rainbows, meanwhile, ended their season at 24-2 by beating San Diego twice, 94-75 and 91-83. About 7,500 islanders, all clad in green, sent seniors Jerome Freeman, Bob Nash, Dwight Holdday and Al Davis off with a poignant aloha.

Houston, taking advantage of two smaller foes, beat Corpus Christi 105-81 and Houston Baptist 96-80 for its 11th straight victory.

1. UCLA (23-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (23-2)

SOUTH North Carolina, lying as it does between Virginia and South Carolina, has been called "a valley of humility between two mountains of conceit." Before its big game Saturday with the Tar Heels, Virginia would have liked to avoid any humility at all but, alas, it was not to be. North Carolina towered over the Cavaliers 91-78, largely because of its defense. The team held Virginia's Barry Parkhill to eight baskets on 20 attempts, and Bob McAdoo, as Virginia Coach Bill Gibson said, "hurt us under our basket by rejecting all those shots." Earlier Virginia had slipped past Clemson 62-60 and put down Pitt 84-74 while North Carolina was routing Georgia Tech 87-66.

Maryland struggled against normally hapless Richmond, 76-61, but was upset 68-59 by reviving Duke, as Bucky Waters' monogamous offense won again. Duke student sings that read FIRE BUCKY before a 74-73 overtime defeat of N.C. State now said sick BUCKY and THE BOYS.

Cincinnati's Tay Baker warned his Bearcats about Southwestern Louisiana's Dwight Lamar, and the Ragin' Cagun did not disappoint him, scoring 38 points. But Derrek Dickey got 32 points of his own, Lloyd Batts added 23 and Cincy won 86-82.

Although Memphis State handicked Wichita

rather routinely, 108-98, the Tigers ran into a hot time in Tulsa, where they were caught in a motel fire and the heavy crossfire of Steve Bracey and Jim Clession, who between them scored 64 points. Fortunately for the Tigers, nobody was hurt—in the motel or the game—as State just survived 91-90.

After averting an earlier loss to Georgia, Kentucky was upset by LSU 88-71. Tennessee beat Florida 55-52 but then lost to Alabama 72-67 and remained half a game behind the Cats in the tight SEC race.

South Carolina quelled Toledo with its rebounding 94-72, and then Davidson, loser of only two of its last 13 games, both to the taller and stronger Gamecocks. The score this time was 88-82.

"I don't know how it feels to win the NCAA," said Florida State's Ron King after a 70-61 grudge win over Jacksonville, "but if it's any better than this, I want to be there." Down 38-31 at the half, FSU turned mean on defense and held the Dolphins to 23 last-half points. Earlier FSU was less convincing against little Seton, escaping by the margin of a shot off the rim 49-47.

1. N. CAROLINA (20-3) 2. S. CAROLINA (18-4)

EAST Penn easily defeated Cornell and Columbia, winning 26th and 27th consecutive Ivy League victories at the Palestra and moving its season record to 20-2. The Quakers shot 65.6% from the floor in their 111-82 rout of Cornell as Forward Bob Morse scored 24 points in the first half.

Duquesne had excessive trouble at DePaul, winning by only 70-65, but beat Providence 72-67 as Lionel Billings made a basket and two free throws in the last six seconds. Providence previously had difficulty with small but potent Assumption, which had the presumption to lead the Friars by as much as 14 points. A basket by Marvin Barnes in the last 26 seconds finally crushed the visitors 81-77.

Syracuse similarly trailed the sophomores of La Salle by 18 points before a desperation press assured an 87-80 victory. Leading scorer Greg Kobb, who had been two for 12 in the first half, finished with 10 for 24 and 29 points. Mike Lee got 20 points, several off steals. "We near got blowed out," winning Coach Roy Danforth sighed in relief. He felt better when Syracuse beat George Washington handily 96-84.

Villanova defeated Seton Hall 104-62, La Salle 86-73 and Boston College 92-70 in a game played under one of sport's least violent protest movements to date, the threat of a "strip-in" by coeds angry over dorm visiting regulations.

1. PENN (20-2) 2. VILLANOVA (18-6)



Chris Taylor of Iowa State is proving that the bigger you are the harder it is to be felled—but you may need a meat scale to weigh in

Very big man on campus

It had been a long time since Chris Taylor, Iowa State's heavyweight wrestler, had officially weighed in. Thus it was that he recently went to the meat laboratory on campus, there to hang from an overhead rod usually reserved for a side of beef. His weight was registered on a scale connected to the rod: 405 pounds. "Must have been those kumquats I ate last night," said Taylor.

Next week at the University of Maryland Taylor will compete in the NCAA

championships, in which he is favored to win his division. If he does, the Cyclones may well regain the team championship they had taken twice in a row before being upended last year by Oklahoma State.

Kumquats aside, Taylor claims he eats "no more than an average 200-pound man," never has breakfast, often skips dessert and sometimes does not clean his plate. He does, however, admit to occasions when the only way he can pla-

cate his hunger pangs is by devouring three large pizzas.

Taylor is nowhere near as flabby as one might expect. He stands 6' 5" and a lot of him is muscle. His measurements are more overwhelming than impressive: 22" neck, 52" waist, 60" chest, and he wears a 58-long jacket and 144 E shoes. He is unable to chin himself, but he can do 25 push-ups and as many sit-ups on an inclined board. He has run the 100 in 14 seconds and can lift 200 pounds overhead with one hand. But his real strength is in his legs, with which he can press 750 pounds. On roller skates, Taylor can whiz around a rink forward or in reverse. He also plays basketball, baseball, football and badminton, hunts, fishes, hawks, swims and lives by the creed that "anything that's a challenge I'll try." For example, he can wedge himself into a coach seat on a plane and, when drying off after a shower, uses only one towel. One last feat he can see his toes, provided "I lean forward a little and peek over my stomach."

As a wrestler, Taylor is surprisingly agile, has enormous strength and a knack for showmanship. When it is his turn to compete, he trots out to the mat amid booming cheers at home and rumbling boos away. At times, he thwarts an opponent's assault with a flick of his wrist or a shrug of his shoulder, much like a bull removing a fly with a swish of his tail. Such actions draw guffaws from the crowd, which moments later is apt to rise with a collective shriek when Taylor thumps his foe to the mat for a pin. This season he is undefeated, with one draw and 32 wins, 24 of them by falls. Eight of his pins have come in a minute or less, one in 27 seconds.

Taylor's opponents are not the only ones who stand in awe of him. "The fans are afraid of me, too," he admits, a bit sadly. "But then they see someone get an autograph from me and after that they come in bunches." Fortunately, Taylor has a sense of humor about himself. A typical one-liner: "When I went for my Army physical they rejected me. I'm too good-looking."

As a matter of fact, Taylor is not bad-looking, which is how he describes his girl friend, Lynne Hart. "I tell people I've got a girl and right away I see 'em thinking,'" he says. "They think she must be huge and I can see they're dying to

continued

The ad your grandparents wouldn't let your parents read.



HIDING behind a mask, man's most dangerous enemy strikes in the dark, and kills two out of every thirteen deaths to his score.

Just so long as men and women, and boys and girls approaching maturity, are not taught to recognize the cruelest of all foes to health and happiness—just so long will many lives be utterly wrecked, lives which could have been saved or made decently livable.

Strange as it may seem, tens of thousands of victims of this insidious disease (syphilis) are utterly unaware of the fact that they have it and that its malignant poison is steadily and surely robbing them of health and strength.

No other disease takes so many forms. As it progresses, it may mask as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion and nervous breakdown. It may appear to be a tumor of eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble. There is practically no organ, disease the symptoms of which it does not simulate. No wonder it is called "The Great Imitator."

The Great Imitator

It is the imperative duty of each man desirous of protecting his own health—and more especially the duty of every parent anxious to safeguard children—to know its direct and indirect results.

Syphilis is responsible for more misery of body and mind than any other disease. It destroys flesh and bone. Its attacks leave terrible scars. It attacks heart, blood vessels, abdominal organs—and most tragic of all are its attacks upon brain and spinal cord, the great nerve centers, resulting commonly in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, paresis and insanity—a life long tragedy.

Because of fear and ignorance, countless millions of victims have been wickedly exposed upon and hood-winked by quacks, charlatans and

worse—rascals, black-malers pretending to practice medicine.

The United States Government took a brave step forward during the Great War and told our soldiers and sailors the truth about this dread disease and what it would do if unchecked or improperly treated.

It can be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient faithfully follows the scientific treatment prescribed by his doctor. After the disease has been allowed to progress beyond the first stages, cures are less certain, but a great deal can often be done to help chronic sufferers.

Men and women should learn the truth and tell it in plain language to those dependent upon them for education and guidance. It is a helpful sign that the best educators deplore the old habit of secrecy and urge widespread knowledge and frank instruction.

It is estimated that more than 15,000,000 persons in the United States have at some time been infected.

From 97 to 99 of all the cases in the general community of this country are found to be suffering already or to develop, from this disease. The vast ones in the United States upon the

character and location of the hospital. According to Government statistics, the death rate of 100,000 Americans, each year, are directly caused by venereal and associated diseases. But thousands of deaths caused by other causes are actually due to the disease.

Hospital and clinic records show that

early, expert treatment can be secured and will be secured, treatment of syphilis infection.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free of charge, to booklet "The Great Imitator." You are urged to read this.

WALLEY FORDE, President.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY - NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

The year was 1927. And Americans were getting syphilis, a venereal disease that was sweeping the country.

But no one talked about it. They would just get it, and maybe die from it. Or end up a cripple.

So, the following year, we at Metropolitan Life ran a national advertisement about syphilis and its dangers.

By 1928 standards, the ad was shockingly direct. Not for children's eyes. Syphilis was a dirty word, but there it was in print.

185,000 Americans had contracted the

disease. In fact, it had become an epidemic. Right now, we're in the middle of another epidemic. It's estimated that almost two and a half million people have VD, either syphilis or gonorrhea.

Some've written a booklet on the subject. It's not just another boring booklet telling you VD is bad. It's filled with answers to blunt questions like these: If I kiss a person, can I get syphilis? How would I ever know if I had VD? Can I go to a doctor for treatment without his telling my parents?

If your parents or friends don't know

much about VD or you're too embarrassed to ask, write for the booklet. It's called "Facts you should know about VD, but probably don't."

Write Metropolitan Life, Box V, One Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010.

Don't worry. We'll keep your request confidential. So no one will have to know anything about it. Except you.



Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance. But our business is life.

ask me. Sometimes I tell 'em she's 6' 8" and 280 pounds. That satisfies 'em. Actually, Lynne's 5' 10" and 160."

Taylor sports a stocking cap Lynne knitted for him, but otherwise does little to combat the wintry blasts of Ames, where the temperature has plummeted to -20° this year. And until it gets down to about 15°, he persists in wearing short-sleeve shirts. On a wrestling tour in Russia last March he reluctantly donned an overcoat. "Had to," he explains. "It was 50 below."

Iowa State has had superlative teams under the coaching of Dr. Harold Nichols, finishing in the top three at the NCAAs 14 of the past 15 seasons. In a sense, the Cyclones have been too good for their own good; their fans used to leave as soon as Iowa State clinched. Now they stay for the last bout so they can see Taylor. Attendance at Ames in recent years hovered between 2,500 and 3,000. This season it was up to 5,000. In January 10,100 came to see a match against Oklahoma State—the largest crowd ever to witness amateur wrestling

in the U.S. Taylor sent them home happy by flattening his opponent.

How good can Taylor be? Or, Nichols, a man seldom given to hyperbole, says, "I'm sure he'll make the Olympics this year, and if he has good workout partners he can be as good as the Russian." The Russian is Alexander Medved, twice an Olympic gold medalist and nine times world champion.

When a Soviet team came to the U.S. last summer, Taylor faced the 6' 8", 280-pound Medved three times. Although he lost 3-0, 3-1 and 5-1, Taylor was a worthy opponent. That he even qualified to represent the U.S. is extraordinary, for he had been wrestling only since 1968, when he took up the sport as a high school junior in Dowagiac, Mich. Taylor is just 21, and wrestlers do not peak until their late 20s or early 30s.

Overall, Taylor's record reads two draws, 13 losses and 185 wins. In 1970 he came in first in the national AAU freestyle competition and second in Greco-Roman, in which no holds are permitted below the waist. At the 1970 World Games he was fourth in Greco-Roman, and in Russia last year he was second in freestyle.

One result of his fame is a tendency on the part of strangers to test him out. At Iowa State almost everyone feels compelled to say hello to Taylor, but some add a challenge. "I try to be friendly to everybody," he says. "When a guy says, 'If you're so good, why don't you wrestle me?' I say I'm too old or something. I like to leave them feeling good, not angry. I enjoy the recognition, but I don't quite know how to cope with it. I don't mind being a giant, but sometimes I'd like to be 190 pounds or 105 to see what it would feel like. And I'd like to not always have to prove myself."

"But my main problem is clothes. I've got two, three pairs of bells, but it's hard getting things that let me dress with the In crowd. I just hope I don't get any bigger."

Any parent who has pleaded with his child to "please stop growing" can appreciate the plight of Taylor's folks. At 14 he was 6' 2", 280. Then he began to grow. Within 18 months he was 6' 5", 360. Twice he underwent tests at the University of Michigan medical center. Both times doctors were unable to explain his phenomenal growth, though they did find his heart to be twice as large as normal. His mom is

of average size, his dad is 6' 2", 225.

When Taylor played high school football, the mother of a teammate was so appalled by his dimensions that she circulated a petition to have him banned from the squad. "It didn't work," he says. "Anyway, I wasn't that much of a player."

Taylor's mother has at least a partial explanation for his ineptitude at football: "His coach told him, 'Chris, all you lack is meanness.' I told the coach, 'I doubt Chris will be mean. Not after all the years I've been telling him to stop being so rough.'"

But Taylor is becoming less peaceable. "I've learned to be meaner," he says. "Not to the point that I stomp on guys, but I am more aggressive. It's been a matter of maturity."

Even so, Taylor often curbs his aggressiveness to avoid injuring an opponent. Instead of dumping his foe to the mat and landing full force on top of him, Taylor usually breaks his own fall by landing on his palms. No one, as far as he remembers, has ever escaped his grip once he has turned him on his back and applied a pinning hold. Jerry Guth, a 206-pound heavyweight from Wisconsin, was recently pinned by Taylor. "Once he got on top I guess I could have moved my fingers," Guth says, "but the rest of me was engulfed."

There have been times, though, when Taylor has been more aggressive than he intended. He has broken one wrestler's neck and injured another's knee. And once, when Taylor's father saw him kneeling on the floor at home, he slapped a hold on him and said, "What're you going to do now?" What Taylor did was hurl his father through the air and up against the fireplace.

On other occasions, though, Taylor has just not been able to force himself to be mean. He toyed with one opponent this season in a way that caused both wrestlers and fans to smile. "Finally he told me it was O.K. to pin him," says Taylor. "So I did." Another time, Taylor took a downright liking to his adversary and gave him pointers throughout the match. Taylor did not have the heart to pin the man, but he did win 32-6. To give you an idea what this score means, it is roughly comparable to a 32-6 baseball game. Let them think about that next week at the NCAAs. Best keep smiling at Taylor's one-liners, you heavyweights. **END**



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

My stars shone bright in Las Vegas

It was not the big money prize that persuaded me to enter a team of Goren all-stars in the knockout team tournament in Las Vegas last December. It was the caliber of the competition. I have never been very happy about the idea of awarding money to winners of bridge events, even though cash prizes are quite usual in Europe. I must admit, however, that the success on television of golf and tennis coincided with the advent of large purses, and I do favor anything that will tear the American bridge player away from his own game long enough to watch someone else play it better.

The \$30,000 purse put up by the Las Vegas Hilton for the knockout event had lured Italy's retired world champion Blue Team back into competition against a field that included the current world champion Aces as well as 22 other top teams from around the world. Frankly, I did not have high hopes of my stars' beating the Blues, who remain, in my estimation, the greatest ag-

gregation of experts ever to play the game (SI, Jan. 3). But I was curious to see how a team of oldtimers (average age, 56), playing methods they had followed for years, would fare against other, younger stars and their myriad "modern" bidding gadgets. So I selected three time-tested partnerships consisting of veteran players with whom I had won national championships in the past: Howard Schenken-Peter Leventritt, Bill Root-Billy Seamon and Harold Ogust-Boris Koytchou. Actually, only Ogust-Koytchou played straight "Goren." Nonetheless, I think it is fair for me to report—and I do not attribute this merely to the "system"—that this partnership turned in the most consistently good performance.

How well did the oldtimers do? Alas, they did not beat the Blue Team, which walked off with the \$15,000 first prize. But my stars did come in second, winning \$6,000 and losing only to the Blues. On the way, in an exciting 64-board semifinal match, they defeated no less a team than the Aces.

The semifinal victory came on the last 10 boards, on which my team, trailing the Aces by 29 IMPs, rallied to take the lead and finally won by 15 IMPs. Seven of those points were earned on this 61st deal (the positions have been turned for reading convenience) when Ogust dared to jump to three hearts in the face of an opposing no-trump opening that could have been either weak or strong. Koytchou raised to game, which was not bid at the other table where South contented himself with a reopening bid of only two hearts, making three.

After leading the ace of hearts (to take a look at dummy), Wolff cashed his ace of diamonds, got an encouraging 6 from his partner and led a second diamond to East's king. Jacoby shifted to a low spade, and Ogust had to decide whether this was a daring and dangerous underlead from the spade king or whether, as was more likely, West had the king of spades, in which case making the contract was going to be a problem.

Harold found the answer. He climbed up with his spade ace, then cashed his six remaining hearts, squeezing West. On the last heart, Wolff could not let go of his king of spades, so he had to blank his king-jack of clubs. When he did, Ogust threw away dummy's queen of spades and made the last three tricks with dummy's ace-queen-10 of clubs after taking the winning finesse.

Yes, there was a way to beat the squeeze. After winning the king of diamonds, Jacoby could have led a club into the secth of dummy's strong holding. But—honestly now—would you have found this play?

Neither side vulnerable
West dealer

		NORTH	
WEST		EAST	
		SOUTH	
WEST (10 off)	NORTH (Ace & 6 on)	EAST (Ace & 6 on)	SOUTH (10 off)
1 NT	PASS	PASS	3♥
PASS	4♥	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: ace of hearts

END



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Bring out two glasses. Some ice.
Maybe some mix. Or maybe not, because a
true bourbon like Ten High sips smooth
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it's great.*

If your lady likes it mixed,
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on-the-rocks, that's fine too.

Because Ten High is a straight
bourbon, great both ways.

Now, get comfortable.

Share your Ten High slow
and easy, the way it
was made. After all, it
took Hiram Walker at least four
years to make it so smooth and amiable.

You can take your time enjoying it.

*Take your
time.*



TEN HIGH

Everything a bourbon should be.
(Except expensive)

It ain't necessarily so, and never was

Baseball's sacred percentages are under attack by a scholar-heretic, Earnshaw Cook, who, armed with his iconoclast's computer, says nuts to the sacrifice bunt and the practice of starting starting pitchers

For more than a decade Earnshaw Cook, a retired Baltimore metallurgist, has been trying to convince baseball's bosses that playing the sacred percentages is, to be blunt, dumb baseball. In 1964 Cook brought out a 345-page book, *Percentage Baseball*, that was full of charts, curves, tables and complicated formulas that sometimes went on for the better part of a page. The book dared to suggest that either: a) baseball is not using the best possible odds on the field, or b) mathematics is a fake.

Nothing has happened since to convince Cook that "a" is wrong and "b" is right. "As in the world around us," he says, "baseball offers a completely balanced, highly complicated statistical system, demonstrably controlled in all its interactions of play by the random operations of the laws of chance. As such, it becomes a fascinating illustration of a process readily susceptible to reliable mathematical analysis. Baseball also furnishes a classic example of the utter contempt of its unsophisticated protagonists for the scientific method."

That last sentence is Cook's way of saying that the national game thinks he is as nutty as a fruitcake. Since 1964 nobody has dared test out his conclusions even in, say, a winter rookie league. Oh yes, the managers in 1964 were named: Herr, Bauer, Pecky, Lopez, Tebbetts, Dessen, Hodges, Lopez, Rigney, Mele, Kennedy, Hutchinson, Craft, Altom, Bragan, Stengel, Murtaugh, Keane, Mauch and Dark. They all stayed faithful to the memory of Connie Mack—but only Altom is still managing at the same major league shop.

Cook has had some nibbles from the Baseball Establishment. The Houston Astros approached him shortly after his

book came out and inquired if he thought he could apply his figures in such a way that he could make judgments about minor-league prospects. Cook said he would try. He checked the player records Houston sent him, and said that his evaluation indicated the two best prospects were named Jim Wynn and Rusty Staub. This was not bad figuring, as Wynn and Staub are probably still the two best players ever to wear Houston uniforms, but Cook never heard from the Astros again. He also got feelers from the Cubs and Phillies, but nothing came of those.

Ignored, Cook went back to his numbers, and this April his second volume on the subject, *Percentage Baseball and the Computer*, is scheduled for publication. Basically, it is 207 pages of computer proof that everything he wrote eight years ago was qualitatively correct. Well, not quite everything. The computer has found that Cook's percentage lineup—with the best hitter leading off, the second best batting second, etc.—is, over a season, 12 runs less effective than the traditional lineup.

Otherwise the computer solidly supports the way Cook says baseball should be played. It was no haphazard analysis, either. The computer was programmed to make about 21 possible considerations on every pitch with men on base. Millions of batters came to the plate in the half a million games Cook played with the computer. He was able to do this because a computer never has to go to the resin bag. It can play four games a second, which would put a lot of color announcers out of work. By contrast, a major league manager probably has seen no more than 4,000 games when he comes to the job.

Baseball Establishment people should

stop reading this article now, because the heresy is about to begin. Those with more open minds may be interested to know what Cook's computer shows:

- The sacrifice bunt is one of the least productive plays in baseball. The fact that it is negative strategy, says Cook, "is validated beyond reasonable doubt." The computer reports that the sacrifice hunt costs a team 30 runs a year, although that figure is probably even higher now that slick artificial turf has rendered the play even more difficult. Cook sympathetically suggests that managers who would have withdrawal pains giving up the sacrifice should at least prohibit everyone but pitchers from trying it.

- Contrary to all baseball folklore, the time to steal is when there are no outs, not two outs. Over 162 games, a team would have to steal second base 90% of the time to justify attempting to steal with two out.

- In each game, a reliever should start, go two or three innings and come out for a pinch hitter his first time up. He would be followed by a starter type, who would go about five innings, bating the first time he came up, but going out for a pinch hitter his second time up. Another short man would finish the game. This sounds revolutionary, but essentially the only difference is that the "starter" appears in the middle of the game instead of at the beginning.

The normal odds are 3 to 1 against a pitcher throwing a complete game. "So why try?" Cook asks. "To have a shot at a no-hitter? The percentage system—two innings, then five innings, then two innings—not only puts better hitters into the lineup more often, it removes a pitcher before he is likely to get into trouble, not afterward." Two years ago Cook

continued

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BASEBALL roundup

produced figures showing that the Kansas City Royals would have picked up 54 additional runs over the season by employing pinch hitters regularly for pitchers and could have reduced their opponents' scoring against them by 35 runs by working the best relievers more often. That is a net gain of 89 runs—at no expense, with no upheaval. Cook has even worked up a chart showing the optimum staff rotation in this system. "All that is necessary is to convince one manager and four starting pitchers," he says wistfully. He really wants to help. Any .500 team that adopted real percentage baseball would, he claims, automatically become an even-money bet to make the World Series.

At least one baseball man is finally paying Cook some heed. Ewing Kauffman, the progressive owner of the Royals, keeps a copy of *Percentage Baseball* on his desk. He flew Cook to Kansas City for a day of talks last year. Shortly after Kauffman met with Cook, a banker named Bill Welsh approached the owner with the idea of feeding Royals data into a computer. "My conversation with Cook had made me far more receptive to such a notion than I otherwise would have been," Kauffman says. "Baseball is full of traditions and myths that won't stand up to analysis. Cook challenges them."

Kauffman and Cedric Tallis, the Royals' general manager, recently received a report from their computer experts. All of last season's information had been fed into the computers, although only a start had been made on the analysis. But there already was a presentation of a staggering array of facts that covered virtually every aspect of the Royals' games in 1971. For example, some of the information fed into the computers included the nature of every pitch thrown by a Royal (whether it was a curve, fastball, slider: where it passed over the plate or where and by how much it missed). Also, what happened to every ball hit (grounded, fly, foul; how high it went at its peak; where it landed if it was a hit; how far a fielder had to run to catch it). Even the humidity during each game was programmed.

"I felt I had walked in on a convulsion of madmen," said a writer who attended a Royals meeting one day. "Here were six or seven grown men around a

table piled high with computer cards, mulling over every pitch thrown and every ball hit in what is supposed to be a game. Their intentness was similar to that which might have been evidenced if the leaders of China, Russia and the U.S. were grouped around a table discussing things that would determine the course of the whole world."

The Royals have a pretty good reason to take the computers seriously, though, for they have already profited thereby. Early last season some preliminary analyses were shown to Manager Bob Lemon indicating that Cookie Rojas and Paul Schaaf, who were batting around seventh and eighth in the lineup, were advancing runners better than anyone else. Lemon moved them up near the top of his order, and the Royals started winning. (Incidentally, both Cook and Kauffman are convinced that runs batted in is an incomplete index in determining a player's team contribution. More than anything else, RBIs point out how good the men in front of you are at getting on base.)

But the Royals, an expansion team that finished second last year, probably have become too good too fast to risk applying the real percentages. And Cook himself appears to have taken a new tack to attract a guinea pig. Previously he had not concerned himself with anything in baseball except what went on between the foul lines. Now he is starting to examine gate receipts, especially the big gulf between what good and bad teams make.

"Sooner or later," he says, "some second-division owner with a little nerve and imagination will become disillusioned because of the cards stacked against him. In desperation he will ask the gamble on percentage baseball. You see, the percentages also show that you would not only move up in the standings by playing percentage baseball, you would also enjoy an increase of 300,000 in attendance and \$500,000 in revenue. Since when have those kinds of figures ceased to interest owners?"

For that matter, any down-and-out franchise that announced it was going to go by the computer percentages for a season would be such a curiosity that it might well double its gate. It would be a great experiment—and boffo box office, too.

END

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An odd ball for this bunch

It's no oblate spheroid, but it takes some funny bounces when tacklers try to dribble it, as Dave Costa of the Denver Broncos will testify

With his shaved head, black beard and mustache, Dave Costa, the Denver Broncos' defensive tackle, looks like an Eastern heavy. Actually, he is a Western heavy, at least to the opponents of his off-season basketball team, which is composed of fellow Broncos. Last winter Dave Costa's All Stars, a stellar attraction, drew more fans than the Denver Rockets of the ABA for a single game, and next week another sellout crowd of 6,000 is expected in the Denver Coliseum when the All Stars play Roman Gabriel and his high-flying Los Angeles Rams.

Bronco fans turn out not just to see their heroes in the flesh (of which there is considerable) but also to watch the kind of basketball that only pro football players could play. It is sometimes wildly brilliant, often wildly bruising and almost always wildly confusing, featuring action that would amaze the Globetrotters. Not that the players are clowning. They are in dead earnest, but their collective melange of skills and ineptitude makes for a performance reminiscent of Chaplin traversing a glacier. When floppy Howfield, the English locker now with the Jets, was on Costa's All Stars, he would, in the heat of play, rebound with his head.

After a game ends, the All Stars do not run for the locker room. Instead, they gather at the bench to sign autographs. Eagerly. The bright lights shine all too rarely on the Broncos. "We're grateful for our fans, and we're very close-knit with them," says Costa. "I'll worry when they don't ask me to sign programs."

This February the All Stars made a 340-mile trip to play in Gordon, Neb. (pop. 2,106). "We stayed overnight," Costa says. "Just to meet these people in small communities is a ball. I enjoy people. It's a different world in Gordon."

Playing basketball in the off season is nothing new for pro football players—the 49ers are supposed to have had the

first team back in 1953—but in the last couple of years the sport, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, has boomed. The Vikings, who have a professional booking agent, will play a 65-game schedule this year, up 23 from 1971, and the Redskins, who are managed by a high school coach, are in such demand that they field two teams. By contrast, Costa's All Stars are strictly a mom-and-pop operation, with Dave as the coach and his wife Lori, vice-president of Denver's Hel-Lo Goddess dress shops—her partner's name is Helen, dig?—the general manager and booking agent.

Perhaps because of their amateur front office, the All Stars have come up with the roughest schedule in NFL (basketball division) history. Just getting to the site of a game, be it a mining settlement miles up in the Rockies or a blizzard-bound Wyoming cow town, is somewhat akin to assaulting Everest. One day last winter, on the long drive from Denver to Glenwood Springs, Colo., which necessitates crossing two high mountain passes, Costa and three teammates ran into a snowstorm at 11,000 feet. The road had no guardrail, and their car went into a wicked skid. It finally came to rest in a snowbank on the edge of an abyss. "Get out of the car! Get out of the car!" Costa yelled. Each time he tried to get up and out, the car rocked back and forth. He had forgotten to unbuckle his seat belt.

Costa finally got unhooked, opened the door and found himself staring down thousands of feet to the nearest level ground. But the players were in luck. An enterprising tow-truck driver, scouting for business, turned up and offered to pull the car out for \$10 or drive it out for \$5. The All Stars went for the \$5 offer. However, as Costa says, "Before the guy got into the car, we took our uniforms out of the trunk. If he went over we still would be able to play the game."

Costa, the Denver player representa-

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PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

trive, started the basketball team three years ago "to build up unity for the Broncos." The team is called Dave Costa's All Stars not because Costa wanted to be a big cheese but because the then Broncos general manager and coach, Lon Sahan, preferred that the name Denver Broncos not be used—perhaps for esthetic reasons. Any member of the Broncos can be on the squad—the last thing Costa wants is the football team divided into basketball and nonbasketball cliques—and at present 17 of the players take turns. Going to and from a game, Costa insists that they change cars to get to know one another better. "During the football season it's as though the offense and defense were separate teams," he says. "I get a real kick out of talking to an offensive lineman."

The bulk of the receipts goes to charity—next week's game against the Rams is for the American Cancer Society, and other recipients have included Little Leagues, high school gyms and local fire departments—with the players getting \$50 a game apiece. There are no practice sessions, but players may be fined if they miss a game or fail to bring a complete uniform. The fines go into a party fund, and at the end-of-the-season festivities the All Stars present their MVP award, a battered eagle perched on a dented basketball. Last year, when Costa gave the trophy to Walter Barnes, a defensive end whose name had been scratched on the base with a beer opener, the ball fell off.

Costa is just the man to keep the ball rolling. Now 30, he was born in Yonkers, N.Y. where he left an academic high school in his freshman year and enrolled at Saunders Trades and Technical to major in carpentry. The other pupils could hardly wait to get out or be kicked out. "A real garbage-can collection," says Costa—but he hung on, sawing wood and playing quarterback. He made All-Westchester County and got one scholarship offer—from a brand-new school, Northeastern Junior College in Sterling, Colo. Costa accepted. The Northeastern uniforms were green and white because, Costa explains, "All the stuff was Army surplus. We even went to the games in an Army truck. I remember my first game. It was at night. We put on our uniforms and got into the back of our canvas-covered truck. When we reached the fairgrounds, a voice on a microphone shouted, 'The

Northeastern Junior College Platoon!' The truck backed up, and we piled out into the night. The day before there had been a rodeo, and we had to dodge land mines to get across the field."

After playing fullback and defensive tackle at Northeastern for two years, Costa moved on to the University of Utah, where he met and married Lori, the daughter of a Mormon rancher, and majored in offensive tackle, center, linebacker and defensive tackle. He was drafted by both the Rams and Raiders, and after signing with the latter received a memorable pep talk from Al Davis. The coach called Costa into his office, and with jaw jutted and eyes staring resolutely at an imaginary horizon, he announced, "Costa, there's a great Italian player on the other side of the bay."

"Yeah!" shouted Costa, all aquiver. "I co Nomenclini!"

"Correct," said Davis, "I see you as an even greater Italian player."

"Wow!" said Costa.

"Furthermore," Davis went on, increasingly orotund, "you are going to be so great they'll have to build another bridge to handle the crowds that come to see you play."

"Oh, boy!" said Costa, who was so fired up he went out and became runner-up to Billy Joe as AFL Rookie of the Year. Before the next season Costa, who had signed for \$12,000, went to see Davis about a raise. Davis offered him a \$500 increase. "Gee, Coach," said Costa, "are you saving the money to build the bridge?"

Costa was traded to Buffalo in 1966 and to Denver in 1967, and three years later the All Stars were born. Lori became general manager by default. "When I tried booking games," Costa says, "all the guy on the other end of the phone wanted to do was to talk football."

Costa takes his coaching duties lightly. So do his teammates. "We play a zone," he says, "and if the other guys start shooting well from outside we play man-to-man. We run a lot because we've got to get into condition."

Recently the All Stars beat Kansas City 80-73 at Denver, but the score was of considerably less interest than the players. Warren McVea was a quick, breakaway scorer for the Chiefs, pouring in 24 points, which is perhaps to be expected of a speedy running back, but by contrast All-AFL Defensive Tackle



HIGH-SCORING McVEA OF KANSAS CITY CHIEFS SHOOTs OVER LEAPING (?) COSTA

Back Buchanan, the tallest man on the court at 6' 7", was useless, even as a rebounder. He served more as an auxiliary hackboard, the ball caroming off his elbows and shoulders.

Costa inserted himself into the game sporadically. For a 250-pounder, he was very quick, but he soon proved himself a master of the Nabokovian nonplay, slickly coming downcourt with the ball, circling around Chief defenders and then deftly passing to no one, not even a Chief, the ball soaring splendidly out of bounds. In one rousing spree, the Broncos and the Chiefs traded the ball four times in lightning-fast action replete with unbelievable steals and dazzling interceptions—but nobody came close to scoring a basket.

Toward the end, Costa added another distinctive touch, a foul against McVea

in which Costa spun around like a man awakening from a dream, his whirling belly dealing McVea a stunning blow.

The pro football version of basketball has proved so fascinating to those who have seen it that last year there was a report a national TV network was planning to fly 20 teams to Hawaii for a tournament. True or false, Dave Costa is not keen on the idea. "If we let the game out of our hands," he says, "people will think we were trying to take advantage of them. We want it done right. Playing for people gives you a great feeling. I remember once after I finished signing autographs at Laramie, I stopped by the scorer's table and asked how the game had been. They said they had raised enough money to buy 37 baseball helmets. That's the reason why we play this game."

END

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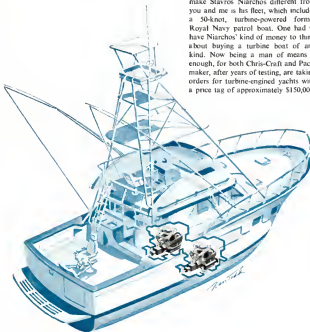
Whoosh! The turbine bows in

The first production-line models arrive, quietly—and expensively

There is nothing easier than telling a hack from a master powerboat pilot. Watch a man as he sidles his craft up to a dock. If he comes in with a nice grumphing exhaust, reverses with another authoritative grumph and stops alongside soft enough to spare an eggshell, he knows his business. But if he comes in riding the throttles and shift levers and punishing ears with a bellowing exhaust, no matter how neatly he docks he is just a noisy duffer.

Now, however, a new element is appearing in the rate-the-skipper game: the turbine engine. It neither grumphs nor bellows; it whispers. "It's not that there is less vibration and noise," says Peter Ryan, Chris-Craft's top turbine man. "Vibration and noise no longer exist."

Nor did turbines exist for the public until recently. Among the things that make Stavros Niarchos different from you and me is his fleet, which includes a 50-knot, turbine-powered former Royal Navy patrol boat. One had to have Niarchos' kind of money to think about buying a turbine boat of any kind. Now being a man of means is enough, for both Chris-Craft and Pace-maker, after years of testing, are taking orders for turbine-engined yachts with a price tag of approximately \$150,000.



Sleep though the price still is, the fact that an individual can even consider buying turbine power is good news. Apart from their silence and freedom from vibration, turbine engines are inherently cleaner in terms of exhaust emissions than conventional gas or diesel piston engines. They should be far more reliable than existing engines—capable of running faster longer—and are more compact. The illustration here of Chris-Craft's 45-foot sport-fisherman contrasts a pair of 450-horsepower turbines with the outlines of the two diesel engines they replace. The turbines are miniaturized versions of a Ford Motor Company truck engine and weigh about 2,000 pounds each. A diesel of equivalent power weighs 500 pounds more.

"It is the fine machining of turbine parts that costs so much," says Ryan, who is Chris-Craft's director of mechanical engineering. "Some bits turn at 35,000 revolutions per minute. Bearings and gears have to be of very high quality to stand the stresses, and oil channels require some tricky forming. But the engine is very forgiving. If something goes wrong you might slow down, but that's all. Nine times out of 10 you will be able to limp home. In 650 hours of running a test boat we had to come back on one engine only once."

The other day Ryan was happily watching a pair of 45-footers—one a turbine, the other a diesel—move down a production line in Pompano Beach, Fla. Both were of fiber glass, teak-trimmed and full of good new-boat smells, identical except for chrome intake grilles on the turbine's cabin trunk below the windows. The turbine boat's controls were like those of any other, right down to the tachometer, throttle and the twist of the ignition key.

Disadvantages? A couple. The turbine burns more fuel than a diesel. And its very silence can be a problem, as Chris-Craft's Craig Muir discovered one day while on a test run. Unable to judge engine speed from the exhaust pitch, as he would routinely on another boat, and neglecting to glance at his tach, he threw the prototype into reverse, which at his speed was like reversing a car at 50 mph. "If the tachs ever go, you may be in trouble," he said later. Still, all he managed to break was a lag bolt in one engine mount. Just a \$150,000 scare. **END**

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ONCE HE WAS AN



ANGEL

BY PAT JORDAN

In 1962, the year of his record rookie no-hitter, Bo Belinsky was the apple of all eyes—Hollywood beauties, sportswriters, J. Edgar Hoover—but particularly of those club executives who surrounded their young protégé. Now Belinsky looks back on failure, the tangle that was his career

CONTINUED

M "career?" he says with a shrug. "It was no big thing. I could never get the knack of what they wanted of me." He takes a delicate sip from a tall glass and continues. "Oh, I might have had a career if they could have tied me to the mast. You know, like Ulysses? When he heard the Sirens' song, he was bewitched." He raises the glass of vodka and ice to his ear and shakes it gently until the cubes tinkle. "You know, Babe, I always seemed headed for the rocks." He smiles self-mockingly. It is the smile of a man who has such slight regard for himself that he can smile, not at his pun which is almost cruelly close to the mark, but at the man who can make such a pun.

There is a photograph of Robert (Bo) Belinsky in the May 16, 1962 edition of *The Sporting News*. In it a slick-looking young man in a California Angel uniform is surrounded by a number of aging baseball dignitaries and club executives. The older men are dressed in business suits. They are smiling stiffly at the camera, while Belinsky, his head cocked to the left, one eyebrow raised, is smiling that slightly ironic, distrustful smile of his at the baseball he is holding up for view. With it he has just recorded his fourth straight major league victory and the first no-hit, no-run game in history by a rookie left-handed pitcher. That no-hitter would make Belinsky, at the age of 25, a celebrated athletic personality. He would be seen in the seasons that followed with such Hollywood beauties as Ann-Margret and Mamie Van Doren, and he eventually would marry a *Playboy* Playmate of the Year. He would become a protégé of Hugh Hefner, Walter Winchell, Frank Sinatra and J. Edgar Hoover. Of the last mentioned, he would say to the press, "J. Edgar? Man, he's a swinger! He let me shoot Tommy guns at FBI headquarters. I told him if I ever quit this game I might need a job. He said, 'Bo, there'll always be a place for you on the force.'"

Belinsky would be considered for the lead of a television series featuring a motorcycle loner named Buddy Solo and, with Mamie Van Doren's encouragement, he would appear in a Las Vegas nightclub act. Of Belinsky, Mamie would say, "I've got better curves, but he's got such a fine voice.

I know, because he sings to me in his car."

Belinsky would be dogged and quoted voluminously by sportswriters, who recognized him as a unique and colorful personality, someone who could be counted on for outrageous quips, such as: "If I'd known I was gonna pitch a no-hitter today I would have gotten a haircut"; or, "My only regret is that I can't sit in the stands and watch myself pitch"; or, "My philosophy of life? That's easy. If music be the food of love, by all means let the band play on."

In short, within days after his no-hitter, Belinsky, a former pool hustler from Trenton, N.J., would be heralded as sport's most original and engaging playboy-athlete. His name would become synonymous with a life-style that was cool and slick and dazzling, one that was to be a trademark of those athletes who appeared later in the '60s—Joe Namath, Ken Harrelson, Derek Sanderson. But, in time, the name Belinsky would come to mean something else. It would become synonymous with dissipated talent.

Bo Belinsky won only 24 major league baseball games in the nine years following that rookie no-hitter. He lost 51 times. He made the rounds, playing for six major league clubs and was fired, suspended and banished to the minors regularly for what came to be viewed as his unstable and childish behavior. The reporters who had written adoringly of the rakish winner became less than adoring of Belinsky the loser.

"There is a race to Bo Belinsky's pad every morning," reported one. "It is a race to see who arrives there first, Belinsky or his milkman. Belinsky has yet to win." Another wrote, "The Angels are about to market a new Bo Belinsky doll. You wind it up and it plays all night, all morning and three innings in the afternoon."

Belinsky was picked up for questioning a five o'clock one morning when a female companion complained that he had beaten her in his "lipstick red" Cadillac on Sunset Strip. The Angels fired him, and the girl sued. On another morning at three o'clock Belinsky was accused of punching a sportswriter in his hotel room. This time he was suspended from the club and exiled to the minor

leagues, but he refused to report. On still another morning, again at five o'clock, the hotel in which Belinsky and his teammates were staying caught fire. As the players assembled sleepily in the streets, the manager began to count heads. "My God!" he screamed. "He's not here! He must be inside." At that moment, Belinsky stepped from a cab, as he put it, "reeking of broads and booze." When asked about the incident later, Belinsky told reporters: "Boys, you know you're going good when you beat a bed check and your hotel burns down." His record at the time was 1-5. That evening he pitched again and lost.

In the end, events so turned on Belinsky that he broke his engagement to Mamie Van Doren. "I'm returning his ring," she told reporters. "I'm afraid if I don't, he'll cut off my finger and take it—or worse, make me take over the payments." Looking back, Belinsky says, "Mamie's a good broad. I still think she's got a little class—very little."

Despite the growing disenchantment with his behavior, Belinsky seemed undaunted. He denied that his acts were those of an unstable man. "I feel I'm very stable," he said at the time, "proof of which is that I'm still single. Only unstable guys get married." Shortly thereafter, he married Jo Collins of *Playboy* fame. The marriage endured until one night when Belinsky plucked a \$500 wig from his wife's head and threw it onto Sunset Strip.

A few months after his 30th birthday—and four years before he would retire unnoticed from baseball—Belinsky began realizing that his future was no longer promising. He was struggling toward a 3-9 record with the Houston Astros. His career had collapsed, he believed, under the weight of too many fines, suspensions, trades and banishments to the minors—not to mention the weight of his own personality. Each setback seemed to have been visited upon him just as he was about to reach his peak. At 30, there were no more peaks in sight. He knew that the public, which once had found him an entertaining young man, had grown increasingly weary and annoyed with what it felt was his unstable and self-destructive behavior. As an aging and unsuccessful playboy, Belinsky had become a parody of

continued

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BELINSKY Continued

himself. When asked how he felt about being 30, he replied with a smile, "It's no fun knowing that in every home in America your birthday is celebrated as a day of infamy." An exaggeration certainly, a delusion of grandeur perhaps, for it is doubtful whether anyone in America, including Belinsky, had celebrated the birthday at all.

However, the remark was telling. It was characteristically cute. It seemed to have been delivered more for its effect than its truth by a man more concerned with style than substance. It was tossed off, discarded really, with that ironic smile of disavowal—as if it was nothing but the surplus from a warehouse of such remarks, remarks its author must unload whenever he felt the occasion deserved not truth but wit. Yet the annoying suspicion remained that Belinsky felt the remark contained more truth than wit. Whether this feeling was nothing more than the overblown self-pity of a too-shallow man or whether it was the heightened perception of a too-sensitive man was not clear. It was certain only that Belinsky had dissipated a promising career, that people had grown tired of him and that most of his difficulty could be traced to his personality. He did not have the knack of laser athletes—the Namaths, Harrelsons and Sander-sons—of consciously cultivating his personality precisely up to, but not beyond, that point at which the public becomes bored with it.

Belinsky is now 35. He leans forward in his armchair to better examine the picture of himself holding that no-hit baseball 10 years ago. With the tips of his fingers he displaces a lock of hair from his forehead. It is an exquisite, almost delicate gesture done in slow motion. His hair is black. He wears it long and shaggy rather than slicked back and gleaming as he did when the photograph was made. He remains darkly handsome, although his skin is no longer tight and sleek. There are lines at the corners of his eyes and mouth. He is wearing a cream-colored bathing suit with Bo embroidered in script on the left leg. Despite added flesh spilling over at the wrist, despite the tiny stubble of beard and the lines and the look of aging, somehow Belinsky looks better than he did 10 years before. He looks truer, more substantial, as if the lines and added pounds had forced upon him dimensions

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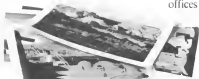
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and substance he did not have then, and which he had not consciously cultivated since. He seems less slick, less glossy, less conscious of his external self. He no longer possesses that pampered, satisfied look that gave one the impression that if you tried to grab hold of him your hands would slip off with the grease.

After his no-batter his mother told reporters that her son worked out every day in a gym. "Bo just loves his body," she said. Today, a hot summer morning six months after his retirement, Be-

ing room, so as to best avoid the sunlight pouring through the sliding glass doors to his left. He wall up steadily from the glass on the coffee table beside his armchair and, to amuse himself, perhaps watch a morning quiz show, or just gaze at the many paintings, poems, camp artifacts and photographs that hang on the walls. Most of the photographs are of his friends, some in cowboy suits, with drawn guns and pokie smiles. Belinsky will pass the time in small talk with those same friends who

sits a pudgy, gray-haired man in his 50s, his face buried in his hands. He is wearing striped bell-bottoms and no shirt. His name is Phil. He works for a company that makes locks and burglar alarms. He is meaning softly. Beside him, folded like a jackknife on the couch, is a tall slender girl in a flowered bikini. Bonnie is 18. Her chin is resting on her raised knee so she can best paint her toenails. She is totally absorbed, though occasionally she will look up, wide-eyed, and blow a kiss in Belinsky's direction. He will smile back ("A stray," he says. "I found her last night on the Strip. She wants to stay.")

Another girl in a bikini moves slowly about the room, collecting glasses, emptying ashtrays, dusting. Linda has pale blue eyes, bright red hair and, at 30, a fleshy, but attractive, body. ("Linda's a good chickie," says Bo. "She's got her share of patches.")

Standing in front of a mirror is a lean man in his late 30s. He has fine, straight features, unblinking eyes, a long ponytail and gray muttonchops. He is studiously fluffing out his sideburns with one hand, with the other he adjusts the cartridge belt slung over one shoulder. His name is Chris. He is a prophet. Every afternoon at lunchtime he walks downtown to Schwab's drugstore, climbs onto a soapbox and preaches to the passerby. Today he will warn the crowds that if they continue to worship material things they will never perceive the spiritual. "Dead things are for blind people," he will say. And then, "The jackals of hell will lick your blood from the streets." Later he will walk back to the house, prepare an organic lunch for himself and his dog and watch *The Dingo Gnome* on television. (Of Chris, Bo says, "He's all right. A little freaky, maybe, but aren't we all? He's got his little act, so what? Everybody's got a little act.")

Alongside the glass sliding doors that overlook a star-shaped swimming pool one story below, a skinny man in a white bathing suit sleeps on another couch. This is Lenne, the owner of the house. Lying there, Lenne is making it difficult for a painter to reach the wall behind the couch. The painter has been working on the same wall for six days. Often he pauses and glances down at the swimming pool where two girls are sunning themselves, both lying on their backs and wearing only the bottoms of their bikinis.



linsky no longer exercises. As is his custom, he will do nothing more strenuous than sit for hours in the living room of this spacious ranch home tucked high into the Hollywood Hills overlooking Los Angeles. Possibly, he will work out his horoscope. He is a Sagittarius. ("A very flexible sign in the universe," he says. "A Sag gets along with everyone.") But it makes little difference what his day's horoscope suggests (a long hike in the mountains?), his routine will not vary. He will sit until noon in the shadow of the chimney, centered in the liv-

drift in and out of this room over which he, the orchestrator of the day's unfolding, presides.

It is nine in the morning, and the room is occupied by seven or eight people in various states of sprawl. All are strangely quiet, self-contained, as if this huge room were a universe and each person in it a planet, spinning in an orbit entirely his or her own. Most of them, including Belinsky, have yet to sleep after last night's party, which concluded only minutes ago.

On the other side of the coffee table

Belinsky puts down the picture of himself and sits back in his chair. "What was I thinking then? I was thinking, 'Man, a no-butter, that's nice! I wonder what happens next?' I mean, a no-butter, it's nice but it's no big thing." He picks up his glass, takes a sip and returns it to the table. "Sure, I would have liked to have had a career after that. But I never thought I would. I knew there was always someone waiting around the corner to take a shot at me. Besides, there's no way I could have lived any life differently. Can a leopard change his spots? You can shave all the fur off the poor beast, and he's still got his spots, right? Who can explain it? Why does a mad dog howl at the moon? Why did I do the things I did?" He smiles and drains his glass. He motions with it toward the redhead. "Heh, Babe, some more Wheaties?"

Linda looks up from her dusting. "Sure, Bo." She moves to his chair and bends to take his glass. Her breasts strain against the top of her bikini. She walks off toward the bar in a languid shuffle. Belinsky follows her with his eyes, shakes his head and says, "So many broads, man, so many broads. It's a shame. . . . What are those lines, 'Give me 10 stout-hearted men, and soon I'll have 10,000 more.' Well, make mine chuckles." He laughs. He slides down in his chair, only the top of his head visible, and he laughs. When his laughter fades, he is still smiling to himself.

"My problem was simple, Babe," he says, staring straight ahead. "I heard music nobody else heard. I remember once in the Texas League when the team bus stopped in Veracruz so we could eat. All the players went into the restaurant except me. I thought I heard music down the street, so I went looking for it. I found a two-piece jazz band playing on the sidewalk in front of a bar. I listened for a while, and when they went inside I followed them. I had a few drinks and then left. I had every intention of returning to that bus until I ran into another jazz band. I followed them into a bar, too. What I didn't know was that all these bars hired jazz bands to lure customers inside. Man, after that bar, it seemed like every step I took there were these buglers waiting for me. I woke up six days later in a hotel room in Acapulco, I had a sponsor. This blonde Mexican—she had to be blonde, right!—was sitting by the bed saying,

'Belinsky! Belinsky! I make you great *yowai* bullfighter! But first we must change your name.' I said, 'Sure, Babe, we'll change it to Lance. Lance Belinsky, how's that?' My team? By that time it was in Mexico City. We had gone in different directions. It was always like that with me."

By now it is 10 o'clock. The sun has begun to move from behind the chimney. It floods through the glass doors. Belinsky raises a hand to shade his eyes. With the other he searches across the coffee table for his sunglasses. When he finds them he puts them on. "That's better," he says.

"I don't feel sorry for myself. I knew sooner or later I'd have to pay the piper. You can't beat the piper, Babe; I never thought I could. But I'll tell you who I do feel sorry for—all those guys who never heard music." And again he falls back into his chair, laughing.

The doorbell rings. It is the telephone repairman. Linda leads him to the glass doors overlooking the pool and points down at the swimming pool. The telephone repairman stares for a very long moment. "How did they get in the swimming pool?" he says. Linda shrugs. "There was a call for Lloyd Bridges," she says, handing Belinsky his drink.

"A call for Lloyd Bridges?" Bo repeats. "That's trippy, Babe. That's real trippy." He takes his glass and raises it before his eyes. "To amnesia."

The telephone man has found the sockets from which the telephones were removed. He looks over his shoulder and declares, "The phones were ripped out of the wall."

Belinsky glances at him and says, "Is that a fact, Babe? Ripped out, huh?" He shakes his head in disbelief. It was Belinsky who had removed the telephones from the wall hours before. When he had come home from the all-night party he had been met at the door by Phil who told him he'd been kept awake answering calls from friends of Bo's. "A new arrangement must be worked out," said Phil. Belinsky replied, "Sure, Babe," and walked over to the telephones, ripped them from the sockets and threw them through the sliding glass doors (which, fortunately, had been opened) into the swimming pool. The phones are there still, perfectly upright, receivers on hooks, coils winding along the pool floor and terminating abruptly in a spray of exposed wires.

It was not, however, Belinsky's disagreement with Phil that precipitated the outburst. Its seeds had been sown earlier in the evening. Belinsky and four male friends had been making their usual rounds of Sunset Strip nightclubs. They had stopped at The Sports Page, a hangout for professional athletes, and then gone on to The Candy Store, a Beverly Hills discotheque frequented by Hollywood celebrities. At both places Belinsky's party was virtually ignored. It was seated at darkened tables far removed from the action. Belinsky went unrecognized except for two isolated incidents. At The Sports Page, he was approached by a portbellied man who wanted him to play on his Sunday-morning softball team. "A great way to stay in shape," said the man. "We have free beer after the game." At The Candy Store, Belinsky was approached by a gray-haired man dressed entirely in white, like Tom Mix, who said he was a movie producer and wanted to film Belinsky's life. "I'll have just the title," said Belinsky. "We'll call it, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to a Career*." The man in white said, "That's good, Bo. That's very, very good. Maybe you can play yourself. Can you act?"

"Have I got an act?" said Belinsky. Near midnight, just as they were leaving The Candy Store, Belinsky noticed a man with chalky white skin, wearing a purple-velvet jump suit, leaning against a wall. "Catch his act," said Bo. "He's doing a fine imitation of Hugh Hefner." Suddenly Belinsky realized it was Hefner and, after a few words of greeting, Bo and friends were invited to Hefner's Beverly Hills mansion.

"I'm bored tonight," said Hefner, as he led Belinsky, Lennie and the rest of the group to his Mercedes limousine. "Barbie's in the hospital, and I could use some company."

The party that followed at the million-dollar Elanorban castle did not go well at all. The scene confused and bothered Belinsky. Hefner began by leading a tour of his possessions. When he had shown his guests all he felt they should see, he ushered them into the living room where servants had spread out a snack of caviar, strawberries and melon, assorted cheeses and hors d'oeuvres and bottles of champagne. He was teasing Belinsky's friends and his other guests with his opulent way of life. Belinsky noticed the men, their quick bustlers' minds

continued

clicking into gear, searching for a way, as Bu put it later, "to hitch a ride on that big bunny bird in the sky." The guests began talking loudly about "deals" and "scores" they could make with proper backing. The women, urged on by boyfriends, whispered in Hefner's ear about "deals" of their own, about "scores" they had in mind.

Hefner, all the while, watched the scene impassively, sitting on the floor Indian-style on a velvet pillow. He did not say more than a dozen words and seemed content, perhaps even amused,

ly ringing telephones. "What followed," said Lennie with a grin, "was a typical Polack rage."

"Going to Hefner's house was no big thing for me," Belinsky is saying. "I've known the guy for years. I never much liked that *Playboy* philosophy. I mean, you don't use women, Babe, you complement them. They complement you. How can you use a woman? But still, Hef's a gracious host. I wanted my friends to enjoy themselves. It was a score for them, something

quit," he continues. "You could say I no longer heard the Tunes of Glory. I never liked baseball that much—at first, anyway. I only signed a contract to get out of Trenton. I was hustling pool and hanging around with bad people. At the time \$185 a month and a ticket to some witches' monastery in Pancakesville, Georgia didn't look bad. I quit baseball a number of times over the years, but for one reason or another I always went back. I almost quit in the spring of 1962. The Angels wanted me to sign a standard rookie contract, and I refused. Then a few months later I pitched the no-hitter. The rest is history. I threatened to quit a few times after that no-hitter, like when they tried to ship me to the minors for hitting that sports-writer. I felt disconnected from things, so I threatened to quit. But that was just a bluff on my part. There was no way I could quit. I had learned to love the game by then.

"That's funny, isn't it, Babe? Me, the guy everybody said didn't love the game enough. Ha! I ended up devoting 15 years of my life to baseball. Man, I loved it. I just didn't take it seriously. I mean, Babe, I don't take myself seriously, how could I be expected to take a game seriously? It's a little boys' game. To play it you've got to be a little boy at heart. The problem is some of these jocks take it too seriously. They let the game define them. They become, say, a great hitter, and they begin to think of themselves as great in ways that have nothing to do with their baseball talent. I never let any game define me. I was serious when I pitched, but once off that mound I defined myself. I tried to live my life the way I wanted, with a little style, a little creativity. In the long run it wore me down, physically and mentally. Not the playing around but fighting those guys who misunderstood me. They said I was bad for the game. Managers were always trying to straighten me out. They'd call me into their office and try to read my act. You know, 'Come on, kid, what seems to be bothering you? You can tell me, I'm on your side.' And when I opened up, when I stood there with my insides hanging out, they buttoned themselves up. The next day I'd get shipped to the minors again.

"It was then I realized this wasn't a man's game. Men chased broads and got drunk and were straight with you.

ronel/and



to watch the ardent strivings of those about him.

Belinsky followed the proceedings with increasing anger. He grew sullen and began to drink heavily. At dawn, Hefner stood up suddenly, thanked everyone there for coming and left. The guests looked dazedly at one another. Half-drunk, unsure of what was expected of them, they rose unsteadily and began to wander from the house into the chill and foggy morning.

When Belinsky returned to the house in Hollywood Hills, Phil met him at the door and complained about the constant

they could talk about for a week. Instead, they tried to hock his silverware.

"I met my wife through Hef. She's one reason I quit baseball. I've got this thing going with her, a divorce action. It's no big thing, but it started to get me down. I haven't done much these past months except try to get amnesia." He raises his glass. "But it was my fault. I split when she said she wanted to be a Bunny Den Mother at the Playboy Club in Denver. How's that, Babe, trippy? A Bunny Mother? What would that make me, a Bunny Daddy?

"My wife wasn't the only reason I

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Bonnie, who has finished her toenails, stands up and yawns. She looks down at her toes and wiggles them. "How do they look, Bo?" she says. Belinsky looks at her, openmouthed, stunned. "What, Babe?"

"My toes, Bo? How do they look?" Belinsky says wearily. "Babe, they look beautiful. Really beautiful."

Bonnie, satisfied, looks around the room, sighs and says, "Bo, there's nothing to do. I'm bored."

"Why don't you read a book, Babe?" "Oh, Bo, I can't stay still long enough to read a book. Maybe I should go swimming."

"Sure, Babe, that's all." Bonnie walks out of the room, her hands contorted behind her back, unhooking the top of her bikini.

He sinks back into his chair and begins cracking his knuckles. He is staring straight ahead again. His eyes pass through and beyond a picture of Lenine in a full-faced beard. The photo is superimposed over a poem that reads: "The drifter has vanished; The dreamer, with age, has gone blind." Belinsky turns

suddenly, and the room is reflected in miniature in his dark glasses. "You know, I played 15 years of baseball and never made a dime off it. I wasn't that interested in success, that's why. I loved the game, Babe, not success. Do you think Seaver or Harrelson play the game because they love it? You bet they don't. They love what it brings them, Babe. I could never give up enough of myself for success. Len Shecter talked to me about a baseball book long before he ever sniffed out Jim Bouton. I told him I wasn't interested. I couldn't rat on guys I'd played with. That's not my style. I was the last of baseball's true sportsmen. I never stashed baseball. You know what I mean? Stash! Stash! Stash!"

He stands up and thrusts his hand down his leg as if into his pants pocket. He repeats the gesture again and again while saying, "You can't stash sport. These other guys talk about sport and they mean business, they mean something they can stash in their pockets. Man, you can't stash baseball. If you're lucky, you capture it a while, you go through it at some point in your life, and then it goes away and you go on to something else. Some guys try to live off it forever. It's a sin to live off sport."

Belinsky sits down. He is trying to compose himself. Then he says softly, "I mean, baseball is a beautiful thing. It's clean. It stays the same. It's an equalizer. It moves slowly in a time when everything around us is rushing like mad. It's a . . . gee, what am I trying to say . . . it's a breath of fresh air blowing across the country. Don't laugh, I mean it! Listen, during World War II when those Japanese kamikaze pilots flew down the smokestacks of our ships, do you know what they screamed? '—Babe Ruth! That's right. Not—Knut Rockne or Bronko Nagurski but Babe Ruth! That's the way I feel about the game, even today. I just never knew how to express myself properly, that's all. I loved the game, but I loved it my way, not the way people told me I should love it. I have a debt to baseball. It kept me straight. Who knows what I might have been without it? Baseball was the one big thing in my life—if my life contained any big thing. My running around with breads, that was just passing time. It was baseball that mattered. I mean, sport keeps you clean, but only for a while. In the long run it

isn't even sport that matters, it's you. You've got to know when to get off or else you start handing out too many transfers."

Belinsky reaches down for his glass, picks it up, then, without taking a sip, returns it to the table. "Take this house," he says with a sweeping gesture of his arm. "I'm just a guest here. No matter where I've been or who I've been with, I've always been just a guest. I like it that way. I'm like camouflage. I blend in anywhere—but not for too long. Pretty soon I think I'll head for the islands. If I stand around here too long I'll kill the grass. That's the way I've set up my life. I don't want to take root anywhere. You hear about good soil here or there and you're curious, but really you're afraid to find it. I mean, Babe, you take root, you give your trust to someone, and it's bound to fall apart. I don't want to be around when things fall apart. I'm more spiritual than people think. I don't do malice to anyone. I don't like to see people hurt. When I sense things are falling apart—I have this radar—I snap alert, and then I'm gone."

"Follow the sun, Babe, that's it, I follow the sun. I hate it, this way I am. But who chooses to be what he is, huh? It's in the stars, Babe, in the stars. I would like to be devoted to some one or thing. . . . I just never found anything I could lend myself to. The age of chivalry is dead, Babe. There are no more heroes." He smiles and stands up. "Nothing left worthy of devotion, know what I mean? That's why my way is best. Don't forget, 'He who plays and runs away, lives to play some other day.'"

He throws his head back and laughs, that self-mocking, distrustful laugh of his. Then he holds up his empty glass and says, "Excuse me, Babe. I need more Wheaties. Besides, this conversation is getting a little heavy. Too heavy." He moves with a long, graceful stride, his body shifting delicately from side to side, his weight slightly forward on the balls of his feet; and yet he moves so lightly, ever so lightly, a man on hot coals, a cat about to flee, leaving not the slightest indentation on this thick carpet over which he passes.

Bo Belinsky has become reconciled with his wife Jo, who is on Hugh Hefner's staff in Chicago. They live in a motel. He talks of getting a job. **END**

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

JUMPERS

Sirs:

It certainly is ironic that your article about Marquette's *Get On Shoosh, Sand Faddish*, Feb. 21 and its fabulous center, Jim Chones, should appear at the same time Chones decided to sign a pro contract with the ABA. I must admit ignorance concerning his financial needs but, desperate case or not, it is time to put the brakes on the ABA. By conducting a campaign to deliberately remove college basketball players from their college teams the ABA is debasing the sport.

I am not blaming Chones for his decision because I am unaware of his motives. But the ABA has only one motive to get the jump on the NBA and attempt to aid its own financial position by obtaining ball-players prematurely at the expense of the college game.

I know there must be a signer to the plotters' contract, and it is not the ABA that writes the player's contract, but there would not be a contract if the ABA did not wave it in the air for all fine college basketball players to see.

The ABA has to be stopped before it does any more damage. How can the ABA talk of a merger and still practice this disrespect to college teams, coaches and fans?

HOWARD

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

While reading your article on a fine Marquette team, I heard over the radio that Jim Chones had signed with the New York Nets. Quite a blow to Marquette fans, but even more of a blow to the coaches across the nation who have spent money and countless hours recruiting such players only to have them lured away by the raiding ABA. Since the merger between the two leagues is not in sight, perhaps the ABA would like to send one of its teams to the NCAA playoffs.

WILLIAM HAWTHORNE

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sirs:

Until the ABA and NBA merge, it is inevitable that there will be more cases of college players signing before they have finished their college eligibility. As long as basketball players go to college only as an apprenticeship for pro ball, they will naturally leave school as soon as it is advantageous to do so.

But there might be an alternative to this chaotic situation even without a merger. What if both pro leagues instituted farm systems as baseball has? Young men graduating from high school could turn pro immediately and learn their trade in the bush leagues in-

stead of at State U. They would not have to pretend to be legitimate students, and State U. could admit one marginal student who does not play basketball for each non-student athlete who does not matriculate there. Then if a young man wants to attend college between basketball seasons, he will have to make the grade on his own. The athletic department will not be there to convince professors to give him passing grades he does not deserve.

If this were to happen in football and basketball, colleges might de-emphasize both sports to the extent that the colleges become more institutions of higher learning and less sports franchises.

RAYMOND S. THOMPSON

South Bound Brook, N.J.

MAJOR DAWKINS

Sirs:

Frank Deford's article concerning Pete Dawkins (*All-America*, *All the Way*, Feb. 21) is in my opinion a truly great article. The attention given to the nonathletic aspects of Major Dawkins' life is much needed during a day and age when some find it difficult to justify the rising cost of athletics in light of unsportsmanlike trends.

However, I must disagree with one analysis of Major Dawkins. Mr. Deford states that surely Dawkins would have reached his estate, that of "the most highly regarded young officer in the Army," had he never played a down of football. I contend that it was the same intangible motivation that caused Pete Dawkins not only to play football but to excel that provides him with the ability to be one of the Army's best. I believe that the inner drive that caused Major Dawkins to become an All-America is the same motivation that causes him to be an All-America in life.

Frank Deford and especially Major Pete Dawkins are to be commended for their work in setting an example for emulation by others.

JOSEPH L. LUVARA

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

In your article concerning Peter Dawkins, I'm afraid Pete comes off a lot better than Frank Deford. Being a recent ex-serviceman myself, I found Major Dawkins' comments on the past few years to be excellently expressed. I'm afraid that I can't say the same for Mr. Deford. The only fault I can find with what is otherwise an excellent article is Mr. Deford's constant overgeneralization concerning a) the late 1950s, b) military brass hats, c) the public "mind" concerning the military Establishment and d) the whole syndrome of the athletic hero. I think the

author would have done well to study Major Dawkins' comments as well as quote them. It could be said of Deford that he is one of those who does not want to believe that his stereotype is wrong.

Many people in the state of Michigan were proud of all Peter Dawkins accomplished when he attended West Point. It is wonderful to see that he has continued to grow both as a military man and as a person.

ROBERT FIELD

Detroit

Sirs:

I am a captain in the U.S. Army. I entered and graduated from West Point in the 1960s. To say, "The U.S. Military Academy is largely inhabited by young men who have not been moved by events of the 1960s" is to further distort the military stereotype of which Major Dawkins spoke.

Your sports coverage and analysis are highly accurate and literate. You would be well advised to confine your comments to the arena of sport, where your expertise is considerable, rather than dabbling in an analysis of the military in the '60s, where you display a marked ignorance.

MICHAEL P. PETERS

Fort Belvoir, Ga.

Sirs:

Frank Deford, in his article on Pete Dawkins, quotes Major Josiah Bunting, Dawkins' "close friend who is a novelist and a history professor at West Point." May I point out that So Bunting, First Captain of the Corps at the Virginia Military Institute, captain of the swimming team, first-ranking English major and Rhodes scholar, is hardly less than Dawkins an exemplar of the "Joe Renaissance" tradition.

WILLIAM M. HAYS
Associate Professor of History
Virginia Military Institute

Lexington, Va.

SPORTING EXAMPLE

Sirs:

Bravo for your tasteful article on the England-Ireland rugby game (*A Rose Weeds of the Green*, Feb. 21). It was indeed written in the spirit of the competition it describes and is a testimony to the harmony rugby creates every time the game is played.

Congratulations most certainly go to the author, Dan Levin, who showed particular expertise in going to the heart of the matter in search of quotable items. In a fitting testimony to sport in general and rugby in particular, one speaker was quoted as saying, "Today's game is a great indication of what sport has to offer the world, that our

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